

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,092

NOVEMBER 1, 1890

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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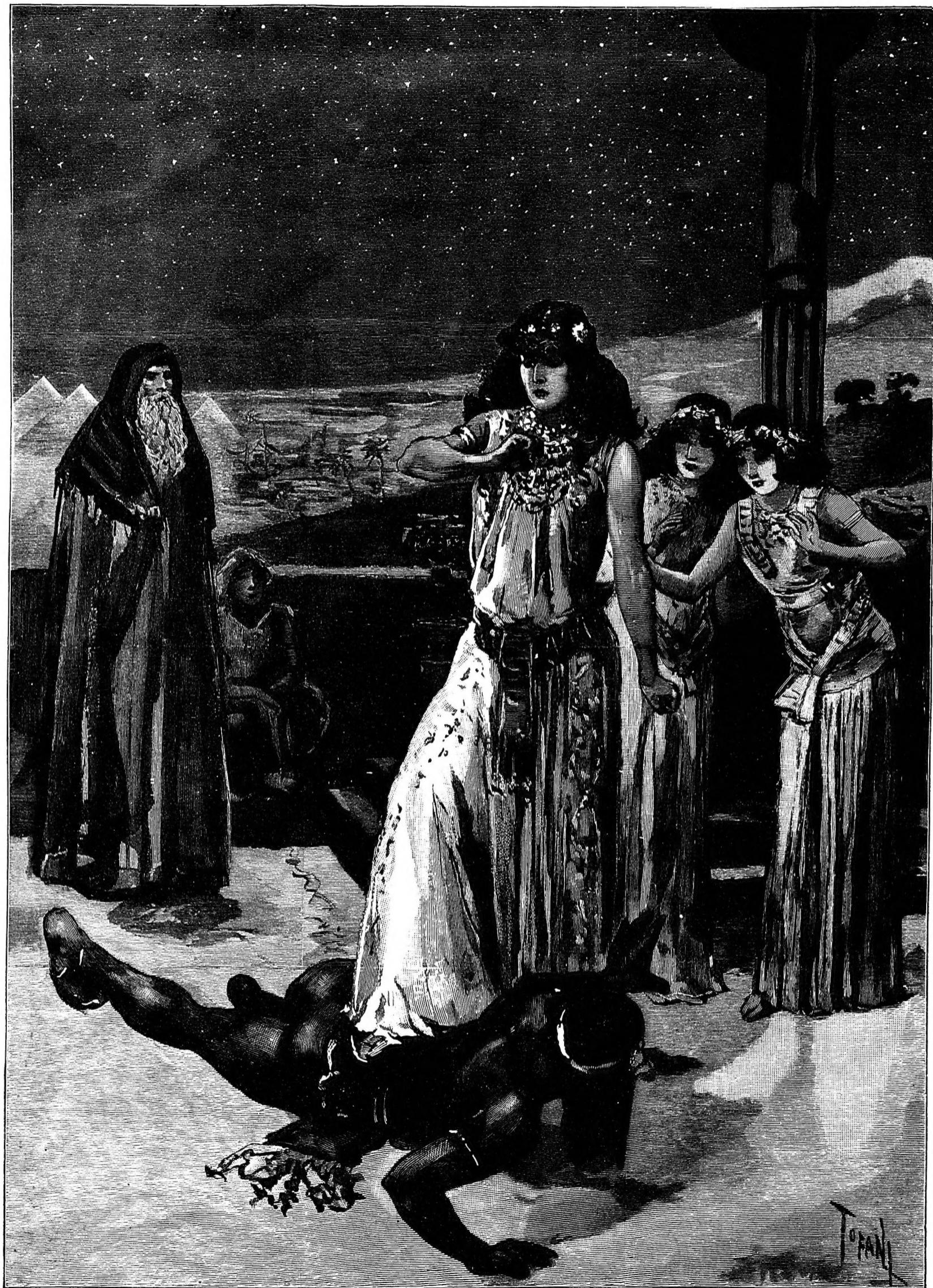
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 1,092.—VOL. XLII. ÉDITION
Registered as a Newspaper] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT

[PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.



ARRIVAL OF ANTHONY'S MESSENGER

MADAME SARAH BERNHARDT AS "CLEOPATRA" IN M. SARDOU'S NEW PLAY AT THE PORTE ST. MARTIN THEATRE, PARIS

THE GRAPHIC



TORYISM AND SOCIALISM.—Mr. Baumann has been taking Mr. Howorth to task for denouncing the Socialistic tendencies of modern Radicalism. According to Mr. Baumann, it is the Tory party, not the Radical party, which has always had the strongest sympathy with Socialism; and if we glance back at the history of the two parties, there is a good deal to be said for his view. To the last generation of Radicals the State seemed to be nearest their ideal when it was least active. They desired that as far as possible every man should be allowed to do what he pleased, and they looked with extreme jealousy on every attempt of the Government to check individual liberty. The Tories, on the contrary, held that there were classes who had not strength enough to defend themselves in the strife of free competition, and that it was the duty of the State to protect these classes from social tyranny. Hence the enthusiasm with which many Tories supported the Factory Acts and similar measures, all of which were more or less distinctly Socialistic. Mr. Baumann, however, seems to be mistaken in supposing that the relations of parties are in this respect the same now as they were a generation ago. There are still, indeed, some Tories of the old way of thinking; and there are also some Radicals who maintain the traditions of "the Manchester School." But the majority of the Conservatives have apparently as little faith in Government interference as Mr. Cobden and Mr. Bright used to have, whereas the majority of the Radicals have acquired so decided a liking for the action of the State that in principle they are not very widely separated from the Social Democrats. We have here to do with questions which only in part coincide with officially recognised party distinctions. The various answers given to them spring from profound differences of thought and temperament, and may, by and by, render inevitable the grouping of politicians in wholly new ways.

BALFOURISING PADDY.—Whether Mr. Balfour ought to have spent his holidays in Ireland or not, he is undoubtedly doing right good work now that he has got there. By going among "the finest pisantry on earth" without an escort, he gives them the best possible proof that he has their interests at heart. For there is not one of them but must know that an unpopular Irish Secretary always has need for protection. But Mr. Balfour gains something still more valuable than Irish respect by mixing freely with the people. He will have learnt, at first hand, the real truth about the alleged potato famine and its possible consequences. By collating one piece of evidence with another, and making due allowance for the "poor face" which the Irish peasant puts on whenever a possible benefactor comes his way, something like an accurate view of the situation may be arrived at. But it behoved this cheery pilgrim from Downing Street not only to diagnose the disease, but to provide a timely remedy. In large measure, the Irish Light Railways Act furnishes him with the means of placing remunerative employment at the disposal of the more congested areas, and it is quite clear that their inhabitants fully appreciate the boon. This relief, however, can only have temporary effect; there must be extensive emigration later on, if a permanent cure is desired. Mr. Balfour recognises that eventuality quite clearly; he sees, as every statesman must see, that what goes by the name of "congestion" is merely the inability of certain people to earn a living out of land which might possibly support half their number in a meagre way. If the western parts of Ireland were covered with a network of railways, famine would be as regular a sequel to the potato blight as it is at present. Even in the best years, when every crop turns out splendidly, the miserable soil only affords the scantiest living for its too-numerous tillers. Whenever, therefore, a failure—either whole or partial—occurs, as in the present year, numbers of families find themselves brought face to face with the wolf at the door. The only real remedy for this wretched state of things is to thin out the population by transferring the superfluous units to some country where they will have more elbow-room.

HOUSING THE POOR.—Earl Compton brought forward a scheme at Tuesday's meeting of the London County Council for acquiring a tract of land between Bethnal Green and Shoreditch of about fifteen acres in extent. On this area there is living a population of nearly 6,000 persons; the streets are narrow, many of the houses are dilapidated, and the death-rate is abnormally high. It is proposed that the County Council shall, under Cross's Act, purchase this property, shall demolish the existing buildings, and shall erect improved dwellings, the total cost being calculated at about 300,000*l.* The further consideration of the project has been adjourned until next week, and it is to be hoped that before a final decision is reached it will be most carefully and dispassionately examined. Every one, of course, who has a spark of philanthropy in his breast desires that his poorer fellow-townsmen should be decently and wholesomely lodged, just as Henri Quatre wished that every French peasant had a fowl in his pot. The difficulty lies in the accomplishment of these benevolent aspirations. This Bethnal Green area is, no doubt, a typically bad one, but there are a thousand other spots in

London almost, if not equally, in need of improvement. If the County Council once starts on this philanthropic crusade, where is it to stop, and who is to find the funds? For the money must come out of the pockets of the ratepayers, who are already heavily burdened. Then it is an unavoidable feature of the scheme that the first persons to benefit by it will be the owners of the property, who are certain to get for their shabby old houses a better price than they would in the open market. As for the disreputable part of the resident population, they would assuredly not be accepted as tenants of the new dwellings, therefore they would be compelled to migrate elsewhere, and would gradually convert comparatively respectable neighbourhoods into rowdy rookeries. As we have always maintained on this subject, the real difficulty is a moral difficulty, so that the disease is not radically curable by the agency of the architect or the builder. At the same time there are Acts of Parliament in existence which, if vigorously enforced, might do something to improve the health of this doleful district. If landlords were pulled up and sharply fined for every breach of sanitary laws, they would presently get rid of their more incorrigible tenants; while the remainder, if provided with whitewashed rooms, better drains, better water-supply, and improved domestic appliances of various kinds, would be tempted to live with some show of decency, for neither pigs nor human beings are really fond of dirt and discomfort.

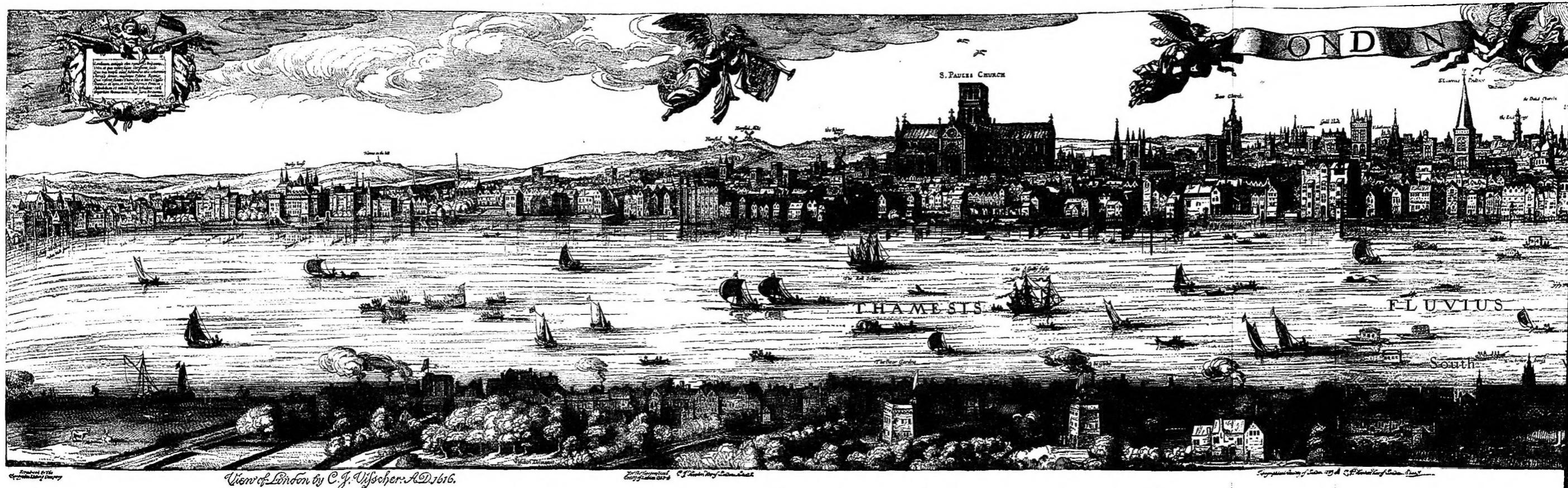
THE DEFEAT OF M. TRICOUPIS.—In the interests of the Greeks themselves, it is greatly to be regretted that M. Tricoupis has been unable to pass triumphantly through the ordeal of a General Election. Upon the whole, he has exercised his functions as Prime Minister prudently and firmly. There can be no doubt that personally he has sympathised strongly with the mass of his countrymen in their feeling regarding Crete. Nothing would have pleased him better, had circumstances been favourable, than to make a resolute effort to snatch the island from the Turks, and to bring it into subjection to the Hellenic Crown. But he knew well that circumstances were as far as possible from being favourable. At the present moment, not one of the Great Powers desires to be involved in war, and all of them are, therefore, most anxious that there should be no stirring of smouldering fires in South-Eastern Europe. M. Tricoupis has seen this so clearly that he has steadily discouraged the warlike impulses of the Greeks, and has done his best to pave the way for a satisfactory temporary settlement of the Cretan difficulties. The electors have now proved that they have mistaken his caution for timidity, and so M. Delyannis is to have an opportunity of showing what he can do to meet their wishes. The statesman who has been thus unexpectedly honoured probably feels considerably embarrassed by the confidence he has received, for he must recognise as clearly as M. Tricoupis that, in the present temper of Europe, it would be madness for Greece to run the risk of a conflict with Turkey. The proceedings of M. Delyannis will be watched with very genuine anxiety. He is rash and wayward, and may not be strong enough to resist the popular movement which has secured for him the defeat of his rival. If he adopts an adventurous policy, no one can tell to what far-reaching consequences his folly may lead.

STOCK EXCHANGE SCARES.—There must be not a few City gentlemen who sleep all the sounder for the dreaded fortnightly settlement having passed off smoothly. At one time last week it seemed only too likely that this ordeal would strain the credit of some really great houses. The very air was full of rumours of disaster, and irreverent lips scoffingly alluded to the difficulties of firms whose names they had been wont to mention with the highest respect. It is possible that these prophets of evil would have been justified by the event but for the intervention of the great kings of finance. Influenced by the charity which begins at home, they came to the rescue of the "lame ducks," and the crippled birds were set on their legs again. And so the "scare" did not end in a "crisis" after all, while at the settlement all the talk was about how nicely the Stock Exchange had passed through its troubles. Is not this rejoicing a trifle premature? True, the account for the rise, which had become so dangerously inflated all round, is largely reduced by the forced sales that have been going on. But the evil lies deeper than that; if we want to get at its root we must dig deep down into those financial mysteries which go to the floating of dubious foreign loans, gold mines, and industrial undertakings. The outside public believe that when a concern succeeds in placing its share capital at the first offer, all difficulties are at an end. So they would be if all or the majority of the applications came from *bond fide* investors, as used to be the case. But during recent years a system has grown up which goes by the name of "underwriting." Some financial house undertakes to place the whole issue, whether the public subscribe or not, in return for a handsome *douceur*, and in some cases this practice has resulted in leaving the underwriter overloaded with unsaleable securities. When this gets about on 'Change, the knowing ones scent mischief in the air, and should money become scarce, or any other untoward circumstance occur, straightway a scare ensues. It is a bad system altogether, often leading to the floating of bubble companies which otherwise would never have come to anything.

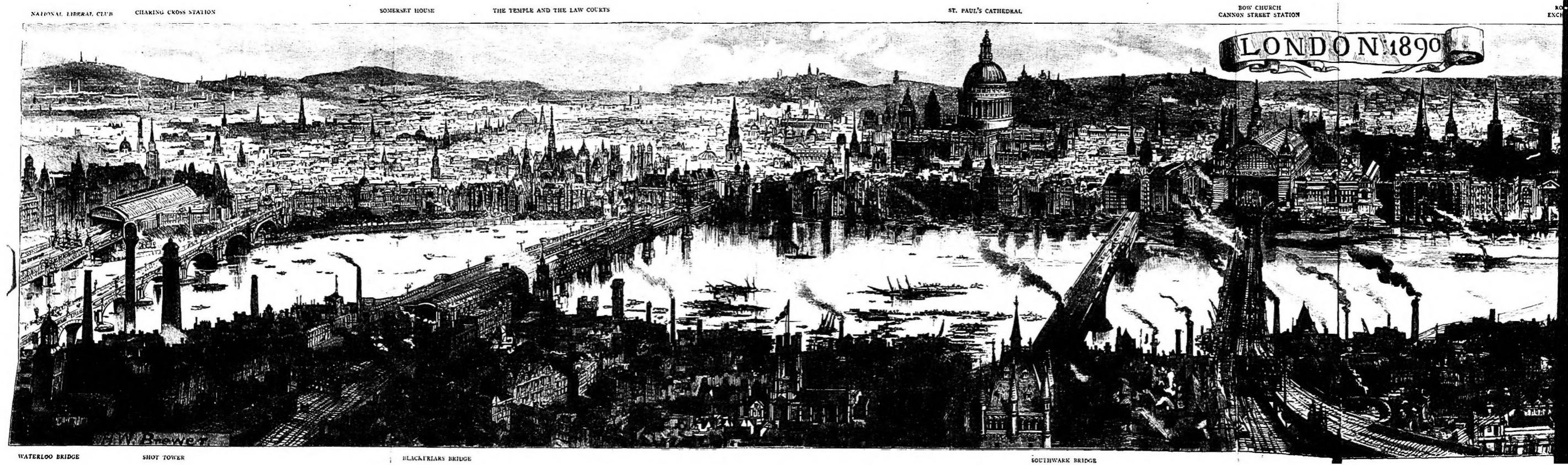
A CAUSE CÉLÈBRE.—Murders, unfortunately, are common enough, but it is only occasionally that a murder possesses those peculiar elements of interest which rivet the public attention. Great excitement was aroused last Saturday when it became known that a crime had been committed which seemed to indicate that the mysterious "Jack the Ripper" had recommenced his atrocities in a new neighbourhood; but the tide of curiosity rose far higher on Monday, when it was discovered that the horror was not of the "Ripper" type, but was even more complicated and puzzling in its surroundings. The dreadful struggle in the Priory Street kitchen; the deserted perambulator and the ghastly burden which it had contained; the discovery of the body of the chief victim's pretty little baby; all these incidents produced a profound impression; and the tragedy formed an absorbing subject of conversation among all classes. The interest, moreover, is greatly enhanced by the absence (at present) of any adequate motive to account for two such barbarous murders, especially the slaughter of the baby, which, except under the excitement of an overpowering desire for revenge (of which no proof thus far has been adduced), seems so purposelessly cruel. Then the relations between Mrs. Hogg and the woman who is charged with causing her death are strangely contradictory. Intimacy and repulsion are both suggested by the evidence hitherto given. We mention these matters simply for the sake of showing that it is not a mere appetite for horrors which fascinates the public mind in such a case as this. Lastly, as the police are often heedlessly censured for not discovering the undiscoverable, we are glad to note that the coroner's jury warmly commended Inspector Bannister and his fellow-constables for their management of the case.

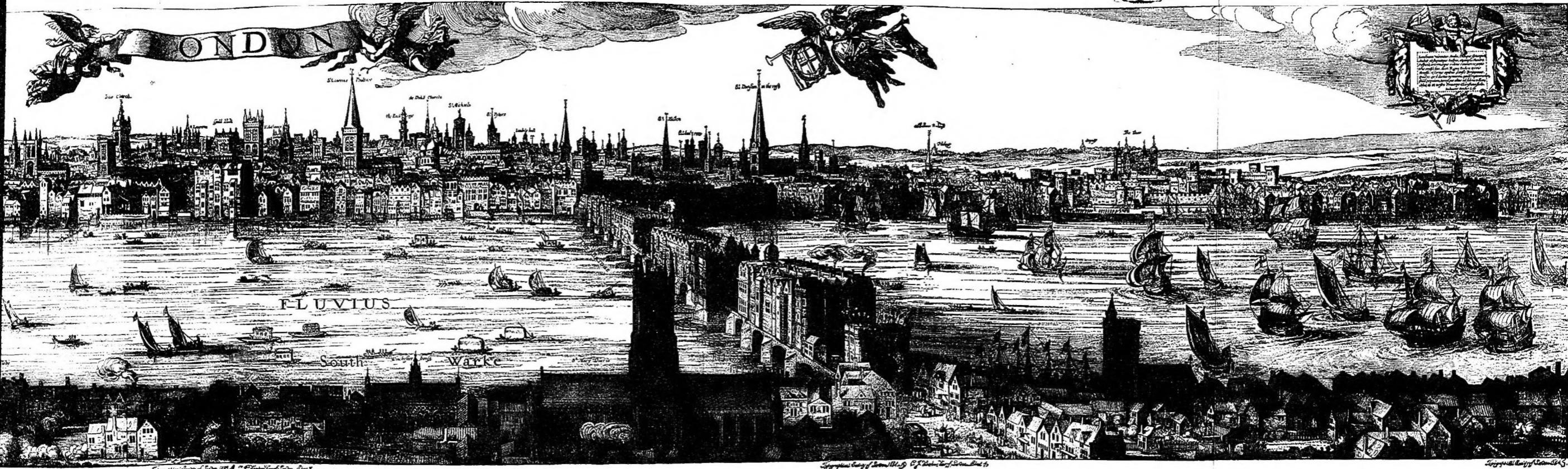
AN ENGLISH ACADEMY OF LETTERS.—Mr. Besant is strongly of opinion that there ought to be in England an Academy of Letters; and as he is a man of energy and resource, and often succeeds in very difficult enterprises, he will probably work hard for the attainment of the object which seems to him so important. It may be doubted whether the idea is quite worthy of his enthusiasm. We do not, indeed, attach much weight to the objection that an Academy would tend to discourage young genius. Young genius is not so easily discouraged. It has always had a way of lifting up the heel against authority, and an Academy would provide it with many excellent opportunities for the free play of satirical fancy. As for the restraint which manifests itself in all really good writing, that does not come through the influence of respectable bodies like Academies. Mr. Matthew Arnold convinced himself that the French Academy had been a potent factor in the creation of the refinement and delicacy which mark the style of the best French authors. These qualities, however, have their root in some persistent characteristics of the French mind, and it is not at all certain that they would have been less prominent even if the Academy had never existed. If we turn to another side of the question, and ask whether an Academy would be likely to foster literature by raising the *status* of men of letters, we again find that Mr. Besant may be rather too sanguine in his anticipations. An Academy could add no fresh lustre to the fame of such a poet as Lord Tennyson or of such an historian as Mr. Freeman. It would be of service only to writers of the second rank, and there seems to be no very urgent reason why they should be raised to a position higher than that which their achievements would secure for them in the ordinary course. That an Academy would inevitably excite a good deal of jealousy and bitterness we know from the experience of our French neighbours. Grievances are not such rare phenomena that we should go out of our way to increase the supply.

EMIGRATION FRAUDS.—Is there any punishment too severe for the scoundrel who by specious lies induces ignorant peasants to break up their homes and start for an imaginary Paradise beyond the Atlantic, after parting with their all to get there? It may be pretty safely assumed that the thousands of Austrian Poles who have thus been stripped bare by greedy schemers would make things unpleasantly warm for their plunderers if they could only lay hands on the inhuman wretches. Unhappily, discovery is rarely made until the swindlers have got away to some place of safety with their swag, and so it seems likely to prove in the present instance. Here in England, the game is still carried on to some extent, but in a much more cautious way. Our emigration diddlers rarely address their overtures to the working classes; they aim at higher game in the persons of the younger sons of fairly-endowed families. "What shall we do with our boys?" asks paterfamilias despairingly of the wife of his bosom. She is as much at a loss for a reply as he is himself; the young hopefuls would, she thinks, make excellent colonists, with their strong limbs, hatred of study, and voracious appetites, but how are they to get a good start in the promised land? Quite easily, it appears. Here is a kind gentleman offering—in return for a paltry premium of a hundred pounds or so—to receive the sons of gentlemen at his splendid farm in Barataria, to give them a thorough practical training in Baratarian agriculture, and finally to set them up as farmers on their own feet. So, Tom, Dick, or Harry is appointed to make trial of this excellent opening, and within a few months he either works his passage back to England, or adds another unit to the



View of London by C. J. Visscher A.D. 1616.





BOW CHURCH
CANNON STREET STATION

CANNON STREET STATION

ROYAL EXCHANGE FISHERMONGERS' HALL

MONUMENT

BILLINGSGATE

CUSTOM HOUSE

THE TOWER

TOWER BRIDGE

ST. KATHARINE'S DOCKS



substratum of some American city. For the splendid farm proved to be a rank humbug, while the agricultural training took the form of brutal language, every sort of hardship, and next to nothing to eat. Yet, although this vulgar fraud has been perpetrated a thousand times on British parents, the trade appears to go on as briskly as ever, and, no doubt, as profitably.

THE NEW GRAND JUNCTION RAILWAY.—The line hitherto known as the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire, is about to apply to Parliament for powers to construct a new trunk line to London, and to obtain an independent metropolitan terminus. For want of this special road of their own, they have hitherto had the mortification to see the most lucrative portion of their traffic snapped up by the Great Northern and Midland Companies. Their London terminus is to be situated close to Lord's Cricket Ground, and as, perforce, they will wish to obtain access to Central and Southern London, they can only do this by making use of the lines of the much-enduring Metropolitan Railway. This is the part of the scheme which is most interesting to Londoners. At present, what with the Great Northern and the Midland traffic in addition to its own, the Metropolitan Line, between King's Cross and Moorgate Street, and also between Farringdon Street and Ludgate Hill, has already as much work as it can do; and that serious stoppages and accidents are so rare is a proof of the excellent organisation which prevails. But, it is to be hoped, when the Grand Junction comes into the field as another competitor for the use of the Metropolitan rails, that at least one new and independent line of communication between North London and the river will be made. A direct line from Charing Cross to Camden Town, uniting with all the other railways in its neighbourhood, has often been proposed; and now, if the Grand Junction gets its Bill, some such improvement will be more urgently needed than ever.

READY, DECEMBER 1, 1890.

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By W. SMALL

A CONCERT IN THE NURSERY.
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By J. C. DOLLMAN, R.I.

TEDDY'S BUFFALO TRAP; OR, THE ILLUSTRATED NAUGHTINESS OF TEDDY AND HIS SISTER.
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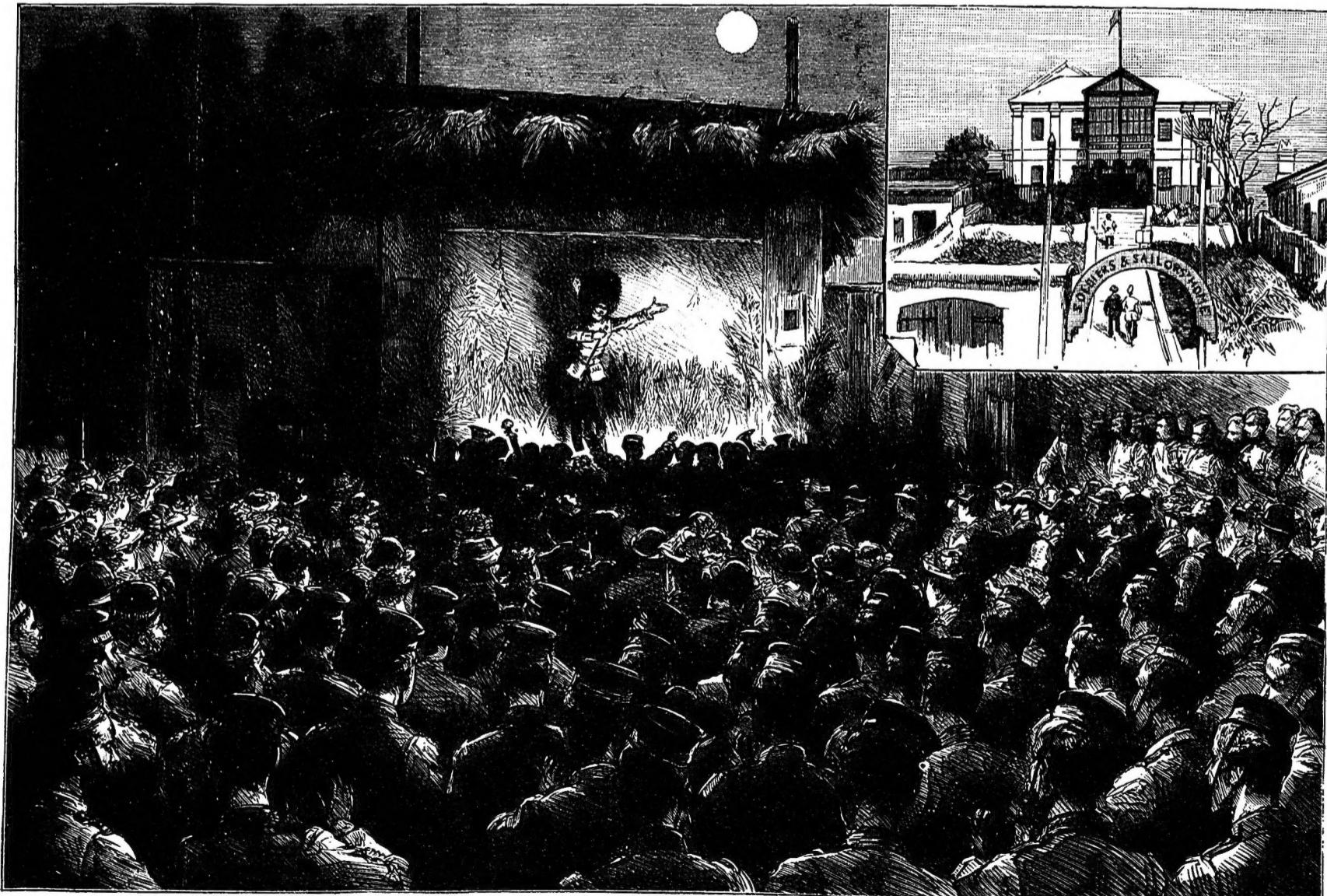
SIERRA LEONE STREET SCENES—"A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE"

SIERRA LEONE STREET SCENES—*A MARRIAGE IN HIGH LIFE*

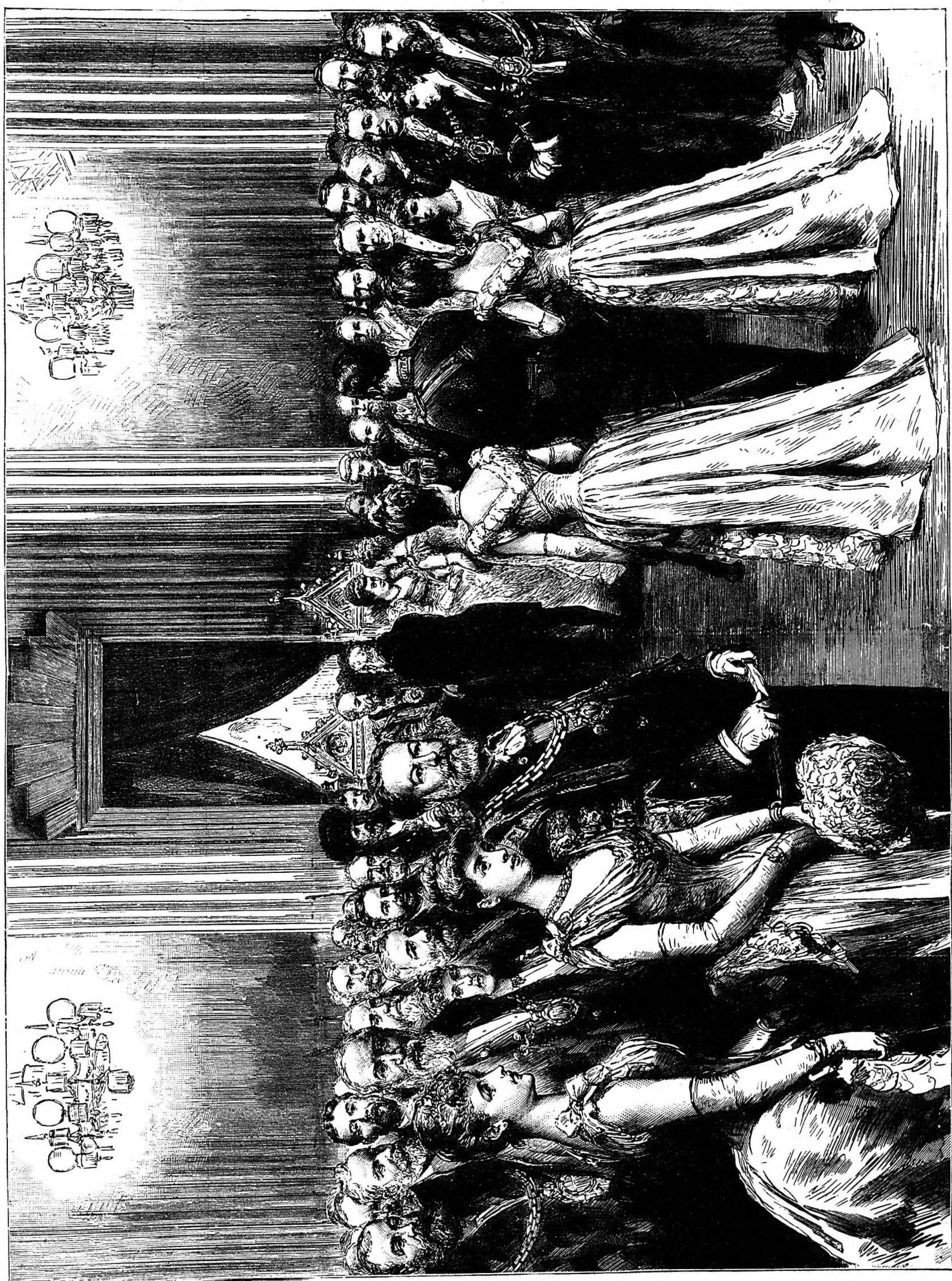
A MARRIAGE procession in Sierra Leone is one of the quaintest street scenes imaginable. Fine clothes being the

rule and horses the exception, all kinds of vehicles have to be pressed into the service of the ladies for the occasion, as in the illustration, where the bride heads the cortege in a bath-chair, the bridesmaids following in hammocks. The bride is accompanied by her father, and the bridesmaids are all well escorted also by black gentlemen on foot, who endeavour to conceal an expression of pleased importance beneath an

affectation of being unaware of the numbers of sympathetic spectators who have left their several occupations and line the footway to see them pass. It is marriage in high life; there are no bare feet amongst the party, and they are all extremely "European," which makes the occasion one of special interest to the onlookers.—Our engraving is from a sketch by C. H. McFall.



PERFORMANCE AT AN OPEN AIR "CAFÉ CHANTANT" IN AID OF THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME
THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE GUARDS AT BERMUDA



THE BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE, GIVEN BY THE LORD MAYOR TO THE MAYORS AND PROVOSTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM

THE ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND GERMAN MAGAZINE RIFLES

BY COLONEL W. MACKINNON (RETIRED)

BEFORE describing the English, French, and German Magazine Rifles, of which illustrations are given, a few introductory remarks on the subject generally may be of interest to the non-professional reader. Any comparison of these arms, or other controversial matters, will be carefully avoided.

Arms of this description have, until lately, been indiscriminately termed "repeating" or "magazine"; it was, however, found necessary to establish a distinction, and the following classification has been adopted in England. Repeating arms are those in which the cartridges are placed in a tube under the barrel, as in the French rifle, or in the butt, as in the Hotchkiss rifle. The base of each cartridge rests on the point of the bullet of the next, and explosions in the tube have occasionally occurred, owing to the jar of rapid firing, or of rough handling of the rifle acting on an oversensitive or projecting cap. It will be noticed also that the balance of the rifle must be constantly altering as the cartridges are being expended. For these reasons, repeating rifles are not favourably received in England.

Magazine rifles are those which have detachable or fixed magazines, consisting of a rectangular-shaped metal box, in which the cartridges are placed, lying one upon another; this magazine is either fixed in, or can be inserted into a corresponding slot or mortise in the action underneath, and just in front of the trigger-guard, or it is attachable to the side of the action. From this position of the magazine, the balance of the arm is maintained under all circumstances. The English and German rifles are magazine rifles.

The question of the adoption of a magazine rifle has long been under consideration in this country; but, until lately, it was not deemed of pressing importance. These arms are necessarily more complicated both in manufacture and in use, and, at the same time, more liable to injury, and more costly than single-loading rifles; their greater rapidity of fire, their *raison d'être*, ceases when the magazine is exhausted; with single-loading their rate of fire is slower than that of a good single-loader. This argument, however, does not apply to the Mannlicher system adopted in Austria and Germany, in which all firing is from the magazine, as will be shown hereafter.

Having already a powerful, accurate, simple rifle, capable of great rapidity of fire, cheap also both as regards itself and its cartridges, it was not thought advisable to abandon it for the problematical advantages of a magazine rifle. Many officers of ripe experience in war have grave doubts whether the practical value of magazine rifles will fulfil expectations. They would prefer to see the spirit of progress exerting itself in improving the single-loader, and in the direction of simplifying and lightening equipment, thus leading to greater activity and power of endurance of the soldier; points which they consider of far higher importance than slightly increased rapidity of fire for only a few rounds at some "supreme" moment, when, unless under an almost unattainable degree of discipline, it will in all probability be found that the magazine has already been expended. However, the moral effect of the possession of magazine rifles by one nation obliges their adoption by all.

Considering first the breech mechanism apart from the barrel. The objects to be attained in a military arm of any description are, the highest rate of fire consistent with strength, simplicity of construction and of manipulation, and cheapness. The necessity for strength is obvious, also of simplicity to enable the soldier to become quickly expert in its use, and to be able easily to clean and keep it in order; cheapness follows, for the cost of a rifle depends more on the number of parts, and the number of operations through which each has to pass, than on the comparatively trifling price of materials. Every part must be machined, not only on account of cost, but owing to the imperative necessity of all the parts being interchangeable. The delay in commencing to manufacture a new rifle is caused by having in the first place to devise and construct the necessary tools and machines. The ordinary manufacturing price of a military single-loader has been about 2*l.* 10*s.*; for every two rifles issued there should be one in reserve. Applying these figures to the strength of armies, the reader will realise the serious considerations which attach to the cost of a rifle, and the grave responsibility which is thrown upon a Government in introducing a new arm. The question of cheapness applies in a far greater degree to ammunition, as will be explained further on.

Turning to the barrel and cartridge. The important feature in the latest types of military rifles is the great reduction in the calibre and the introduction of smokeless powder. As in the case of the adoption of magazine-rifles, so in this, the action of one Power obliges others to follow, notwithstanding the fact that the problem of a trustworthy cartridge for these new conditions, in themselves theoretically right, has not yet been satisfactorily solved.

We are probably as well informed and as far advanced in the manufacture of smokeless powders as any other nation; but our requirements are more exacting than are those of Continental Powers. Our ammunition must be capable of being stored for years without deterioration in climates of extremes both of temperature and humidity. Our nitro-compounds (notably Sir Frederick Abel's "cordite"), have, it is understood, successfully undergone laboratory tests; but no such artificial imitations of climates can supply the place of actual climatic influences during a sufficient period of time. Pending, then, the results of storage-trials, we are using, as an explosive, pellets of compressed black powder, the rifle barrels being ready for smokeless powder when it can with confidence be substituted for black powder.

We read of the great success of smokeless powder at the peace manœuvres of Continental armies; but it must be remembered that all this firing is with blank ammunition; the difficulty arises with the bullet.

The construction and dimensions of the compound bullets used in all these rifles is similar. The English bullet has a diameter of about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch, its length is about four diameters. It consists of a core of very slightly hardened lead inserted in a cover or thimble of an alloy of copper and nickel. The *rationale* of this projectile ought, perhaps, to be touched upon—for the information, again, of the general reader.

The energy or power of a projectile in motion to overcome resistance, whether of the air or of the object struck, depends far more on its velocity than on its weight. The lighter it is the greater will be its muzzle-velocity for a given charge, the smaller its cross area the less will be the resistance, always provided it is kept by its rotation point foremost.

Sporting or express rifles are constructed on these principles; they fire a short, light bullet, with very high muzzle-velocity, and with only sufficient rotation to keep it point foremost at short sporting distances. It is formed so that it will not pass through an animal, but open out, and so expend its full energy on the object struck. For military rifles, however, long range is wanted, and for this weight is necessary to enable the bullet to maintain its velocity. Additional weight for any given calibre means additional length; the greater the length the faster must be the rotation, the higher the pitch of rifling, to keep the bullet point foremost. And this again necessitates a hard metal covering to take the rifling, as lead, though hardened, would be too soft, and would "strip." The bullet must be a sufficiently large mass of metal to be effective, and this mass must be of such a form and material as will admit of not only high muzzle-velocity, but well-maintained velocity over long

ranges. All these conditions are closely related to each other; no one can be touched without affecting the others.

The calibre of about 3-inch appeared to Lebel to be the lowest which all these conditions would permit; adopted first in France, it is now accepted by other nations.

The difficulty attending the bullet (above hinted at) arises from the more than ordinary heat evolved in overcoming the great friction between the bullet and the barrel, due not only to the high pitch of rifling—one turn in ten inches in the English rifle—but to a sort of adhesion ("seizing" it is termed) of the two surfaces, there being no intermediary lubrication, or even fouling with the smokeless powder, to act as a lubricant. This heat not infrequently softens the leaden core, which, being separate from, not attached to, the covering, is liable to be set up towards the head of the bullet; it has occurred that the lead has been driven through the thimble, leaving it in the barrel.

The cost of Martini-Henry ammunition is about 2*l.* 10*s.* per thousand rounds. With the present allowance of 200 rounds per man, the cost of practice-ammunition for 1,000 men is about 50*l.* annually. The ammunition for these magazine rifles must be more expensive; supposing it to cost only 10*s.* more per thousand, there will follow an additional charge of 100*l.* annually for each 1,000 men. Let the reader again apply figures to the strength of armies.

The soldier now carries on service 80 rounds. An incidental advantage of the new cartridges is that they are very much lighter than the Martini-Henry cartridges; the soldier can, therefore, be expected to carry more; and thus a great saving in the cost and trouble of carriage will be effected. In the Franco-German War, there was only one instance of a regiment firing in the day nearly 80 rounds per man—as an average; of course, some fired many more, some less. In the Afghan War, the highest average expenditure in any single action was about 20 rounds per man.

What shall be said of the probable effects on strategy and tactics of these rifles, and of smokeless powder, which doubtless will soon supersede black powder with artillery as well as with infantry? Much has been written on conjecture: some picture the dismay caused by death arriving unexpectedly and without a trace of whence it was launched; others foresee the confidence that soldiers will feel in the ability to attack without revealing their position; tacticians study new formations; already we read of inventions, both in England and on the Continent, for creating a veil of smoke to conceal movements! Actual war alone can declare what changes must follow. Most probably it will be found that genius and daring, good leading and confident following, will still be handmaids to Victory, as they always have been since history commenced to record war.

Reverting to our subject. These three rifles are all on the bolt system, which seems to adapt itself more readily than the block system to the requirements of a magazine arm.

There is nothing specially novel in the breech actions of any of these rifles; but the barrel of the German rifle introduces a distinct and important departure in construction.

THE LEE-METFORD ENGLISH RIFLE.—The breech action is the invention of Mr. Lee, an American; the barrel has Mr. Metford's rifling. The magazine, holding eight cartridges, is detachable, but secured from loss by a chain link. The rifle can be fired both as a single-loader and as a magazine rifle, though it will be used ordinarily as a single-loader, the magazine being reserved for emergencies when ordered. The cartridges in the magazine are continually pressed upwards by the folded wire spring. A "cut off" on the right of the body prevents the magazine coming into action till required. When the "cut off" is pulled out, the lower edge of the bolt engages the top edge of the uppermost cartridge in the magazine, and forces it into the chamber, and so on, till the magazine is exhausted.

To load the magazine, whether it is in position on the rifle or detached, the cartridges have to be pressed into it one by one.

As in the other rifles, the bolt contains the striking apparatus, and carries an extractor; it is protected from sand or dust by a "dust-shield" of sheet steel.

The rifle is provided with two sets of sights; one, in the usual position on the barrel, graduated to 1,900 yards—these sights are of novel construction—the other set is for extreme range, and is placed on the left of the stock. A wooden hand-guard is fixed over the breech end of the barrel to protect the hand when the barrel becomes hot.

THE FRENCH RIFLE.—The Lebel repeating rifle is an improved Gras repeating rifle, pattern 1885, in its turn a modification of the Kropatschek, which was adopted by the French Navy in 1878.

The cartridges are placed end to end in a tube under the barrel; the tube will contain eight cartridges. It will be noticed that the points are flattened to lessen the chance of accidental explosion in the tube; a spiral spring presses them towards the breech, and they pass on to a trough in the action which lifts the cartridge into position in front of the bolt. In loading the tube the cartridges have to be pressed into it one by one. The bolt, containing the striking mechanism and furnished with an extractor, when drawn back first extracts the fired case of a previous round, whether loaded singly or from the magazine, then raises the trough with its cartridge; when pushed forward it engages the cartridge, placing it in the chamber ready to be fired; the trough is depressed, receives a cartridge, and actuates a stop which arrests the passage of a second cartridge out of the tube.

When the rifle is required as a single loader, the repeating mechanism can be put out of action by pressing forward a lever—shown in the drawing by a chequered head.

THE GERMAN MAGAZINE RIFLE has the Mannlicher system of breech action, adopted previously by Austria, but the barrel is on a new principle. This rifle has superseded the converted Mauser repeating rifle. It is strongly made, and simple; the parts are few, and easily shaped in ordinary machines. The whole rifle can be stripped for purposes of repair or for cleaning, and be re-assembled by any soldier having ordinary skill, without risk of injury to the parts. The stock is in one piece, not seriously weakened by being too much cut away for the reception of the body, which is strong and solid, and does not project below the trigger guard.

The ammunition is supplied in light metal frames or clips, each holding five rounds. The clip is dropped into the breech, and is held by a spring catch; another spring underneath prevents it from falling through so long as it contains any rounds. This spring presses the cartridges upwards. The bolt, as in other actions, contains the striking apparatus, and carries a strong extractor, easily replaced if broken. The bolt, when it is pushed forward, engages the cartridges one by one, pressing them into the chamber. The clip, when empty, drops out, and a fresh one is inserted.

Thus all firing is through the magazine, the use of which will become habitual. The Germans, apparently, expect from a man under excitement only what is his habit. The barrel lies inside a light steel cylinder, a "barrel jacket," on which are fixed the sights; it is screwed into the body, the barrel jacket being again screwed over it. There is an air space of about $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch between the two, and the true barrel passes freely through a thimble at the end of the barrel jacket, thus enabling it to expand or contract.

The advantages claimed for this compound barrel are:—

1. Protection from injury.
2. Increased accuracy from the barrel having uniform vibration on firing, and freedom to expand as it becomes heated.
3. Protection to the hand when the inner barrel becomes overheated.
4. Clearer view of the sights when the barrel is hot.

Such are the principal features of these new rifles; to describe each in full detail would occupy too much space, and be out of place in a paper intended to convey only a general idea of the subject to those who may be interested in it.



THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN proposes to make a European tour next year. He has been recommended to try the Wiesbaden waters, so will take the opportunity to visit the chief Western countries.

WHITEBAIT IN CHINA just now are as common as herrings with us. Owing to the floods at Tientsin, the raised racecourse is inundated and the water swarms with whitebait. So the Chinese are busy all day filling baskets with the fish.

POLO, in somewhat different shape, was an ancient Persian game, according to a paper read before the Asiatic Society recently at Bombay. The Parsee author finds that Firdusi, the great Persian poet, described "pat-ball, or ball-bat" in an epic, and even further back the Pehlvi writers allude to the game under the title of "chupan."

THE CONVICT BIRCHALL, now under sentence of death for the murder of Mr. Benwell in Canada, has written his autobiography, which will be published simultaneously in Toronto, New York, London, and Paris. The story contains Birchall's version of his journey to the swamp near Eastwood, where Benwell's body was found.

THE EX-EMPEROR OF BRAZIL is translating "The Arabian Nights" into Portuguese. Amongst Royal authors, the Queen of Roumania at Vienna on Monday read to a large literary and dramatic circle her five-act drama, *Meister Narvol*, which will be produced at the Burg Theatre. It is founded on an old Roumanian legend.

THE GROSVENOR GALLEY is now holding its last exhibition under the system superintended by Sir Coutts Lindsay during the last twelve years. These exhibitions have entailed such losses that the Gallery will now be handed over to the Grosvenor Club. However, the Club will allow numerous pictures to hang on the walls for sale, and as these works will be well seen at the Club receptions during the season it is hoped that many may find purchasers.

AN INTERESTING MEMORIAL OF THE RECENT POSTAL JUBILEE has been issued by Messrs. Spink and Son, of Gracechurch Street. It is a handsomely-executed medal, bearing on one side a portrait of Her Majesty and a representation of the Jubilee Envelope, and on the other a likeness of Sir Rowland Hill and a representation of a Mulready envelope. Thus 1840 and 1890 are happily linked together, and the result reflects great credit on the designers and manufacturers.

"LOVERS' STATIONERY" has been introduced among romantic circles in the United States. The paper is of a delicate pink, and the watermark consists of two hearts pierced by an arrow. At the bottom of the last page is a round blot about the size of a shilling—the "kissing-spot"—where the writer presses his or her lips and sends a loving salute to the receiver, who is bound to kiss the same spot. A thin coat of aromatic gum is laid on the kissing-spot, to express sweetness.

"EIFFEL TOWER" is being erected at Douglas, Isle of Man, where last week Lord Lathom laid the foundation-stone with full Masonic ceremonies. Originally the Tower was intended to serve only as an approach to the suspension bridge, but now a theatre, concert-hall, dancing-room, bazaar, and shops will occupy the six floors, an observatory being placed at the summit. The edifice will be as high as St. Paul's, will cost 80,000*l.*, and may probably be finished by the summer of 1892.

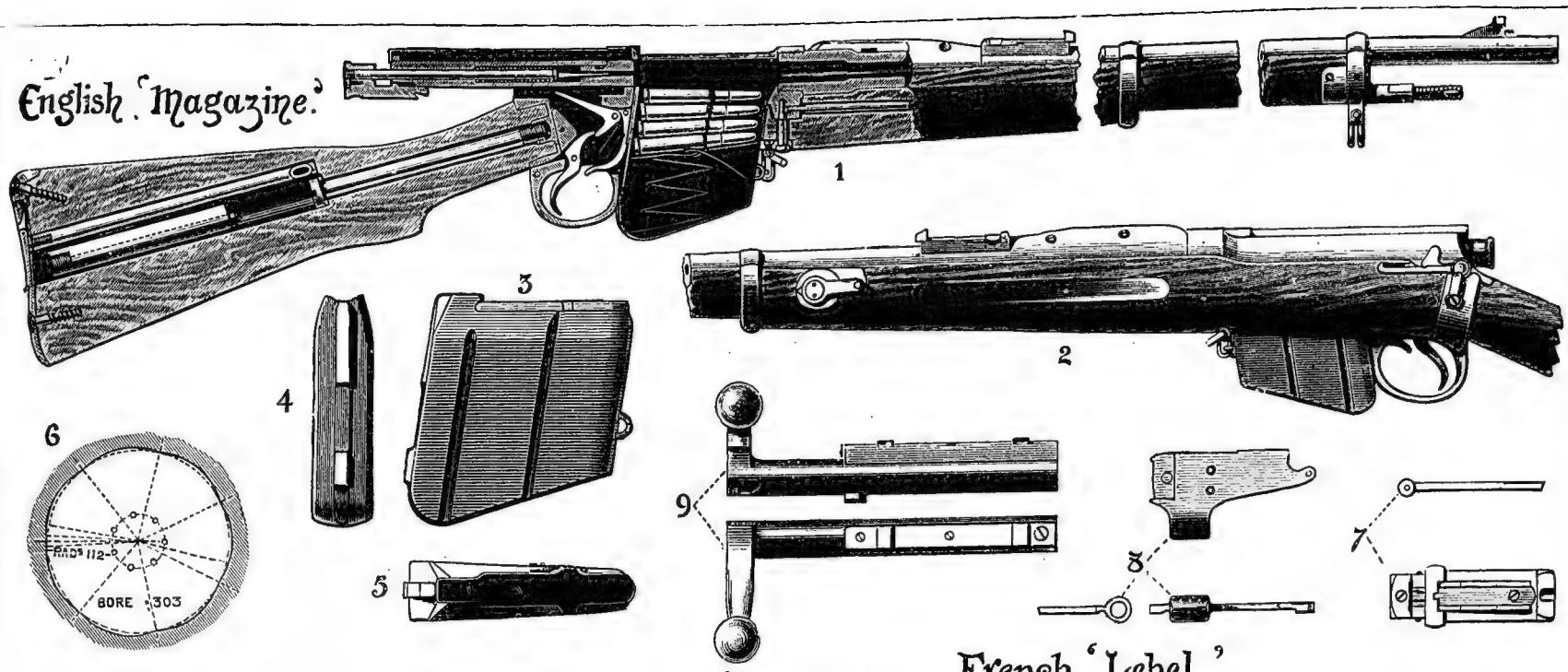
THE CHANNEL BRIDGE SCHEME has been altered again. After the joint surveys made this summer by French and British steamers, M. Renaud—the hydrographic engineer in command—proposes that a route should be taken a little farther north than the original plan. This new line would be shorter—so less expensive—and perfectly straight, with better foundation at a less depth, while it would be more protected from the wind. The surveys were very satisfactory respecting the solidity and stability of the Channel bed.

THE WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF SEAFOWL on the British coasts is bad enough, but at the Antipodes the birds are in danger of disappearing altogether. In Great Britain the birds are shot either for sport or for utilising as personal ornament, while in New Zealand they are caught to boil down for their oil. Thus a number of leading colonials have petitioned the New Zealand Government for a Seafowl Protection Act, as the six million birds on the various islands will soon be exterminated unless some restrictions are enacted at once.

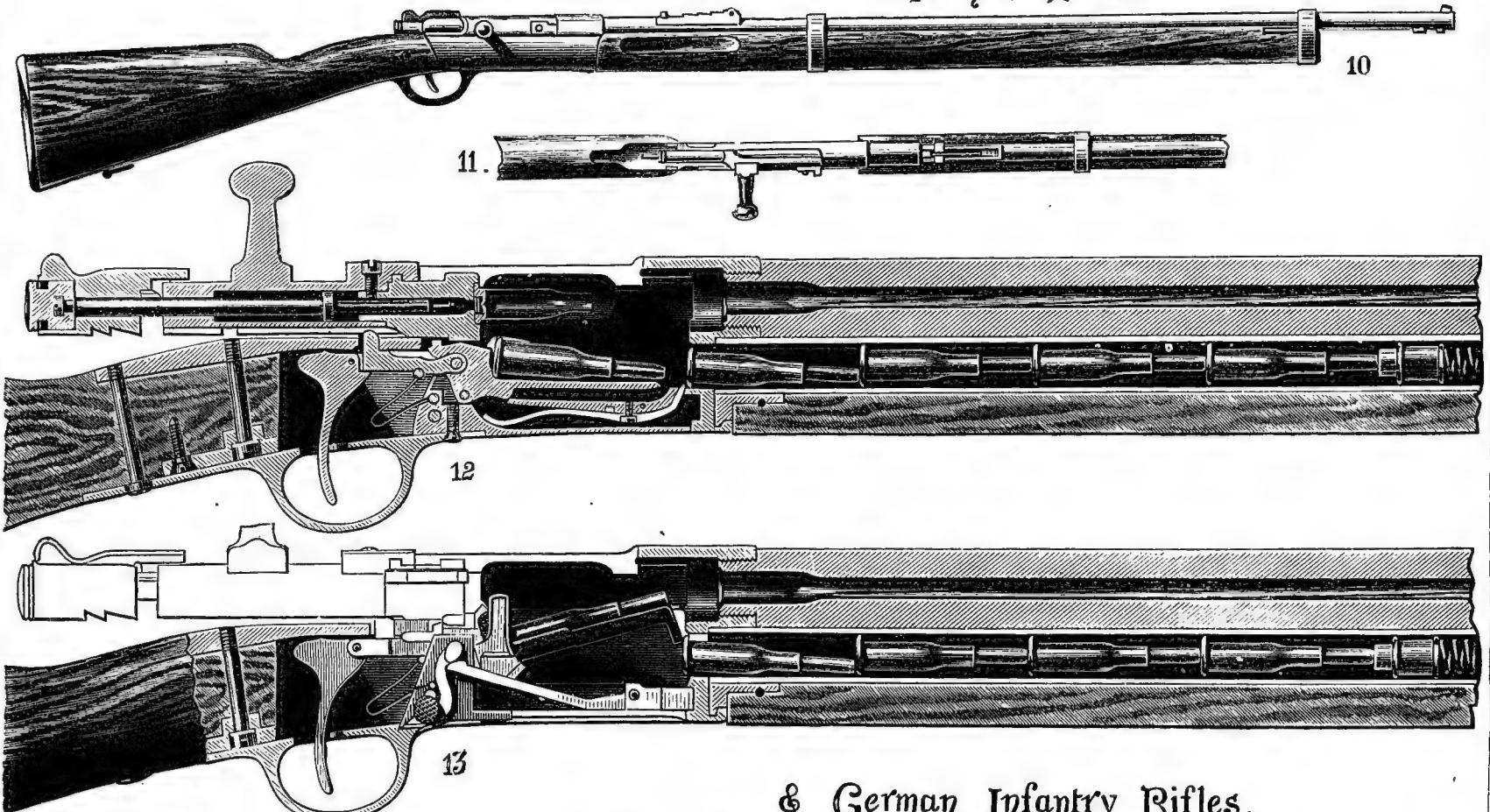
WINTER HAS SET IN SEVERELY on the Continent. Heavy snow has fallen in Vienna, covering the trees still full of leaf from the mild autumn; similar falls have occurred in the Riesengebirge—the great mountain range dividing Bohemia and Silesia—snow is reported from the Lake of Geneva, while in the Tyrol sledges are being used. A cold snap prevails across the Atlantic, for round the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence the snowfall is the earliest known for twenty years, and has prevented the farmers from securing all their crops. The severe storms lately affecting the Dominion seaboard have travelled down to the United States, and as far south as Mexico, sweeping over the Southern and Eastern States with great severity, and being accompanied by earthquake shocks and meteoric displays. At home, in England, the first snow of the season appeared on Sunday, a slight shower occurring in London, while Yorkshire and the Peak District experienced sharp snowstorms. In Flintshire, also, a tremendous fall ensued, Moel Famau, the highest peak in the county, being covered several feet deep.

THE WEDDING TRousseau OF PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA is nearly completed, ready for the marriage little more than a fortnight hence. Pink and red predominate amongst the dresses, which are ornamented with most costly artistic embroidery, true lovers' knots being the favourite design. The Princess is also fond of furs and feather trimming, having numerous boas and muffs, besides some half-dozen dainty little feather capes to wear in the evening. All her mantles are made in Berlin, together with the majority of her dresses, but some smart tailor-costumes, evening gowns, and *lingerie* date from England, while Paris supplies several graceful tea-gowns and full-dress toilettes. The underclothing is exquisitely fine, some made of China silk, and all trimmed with lace and ribbons. There are twelve dozen of each set of linen, marked with "V" and the Imperial Crown. Lace *fichus* and collarettes abound, each with a jewelled pin as fastening, and the sprays of flowers for the hair and dress-trimming are exquisitely natural; witness a trail of honeysuckle supporting a jewelled butterfly, a pink lily with a humming-bird perched in its cup, and a head-dress of ostrich plumes bearing a flight of miniature swallows. Butterflies are the Princess's favourite emblem, so they appear as enamelled pins for the hair and ornaments of every description. Artistic parasol-handles, buckles, clasps, and bands; fans painted or embroidered by the best artists of the day, sachets for gloves and handkerchiefs, trinkets for the dressing-table, the writing-desk and the work-basket, complete the elaborate wedding outfit, to say nothing of the presents of jewels pouring in upon the bride elect.

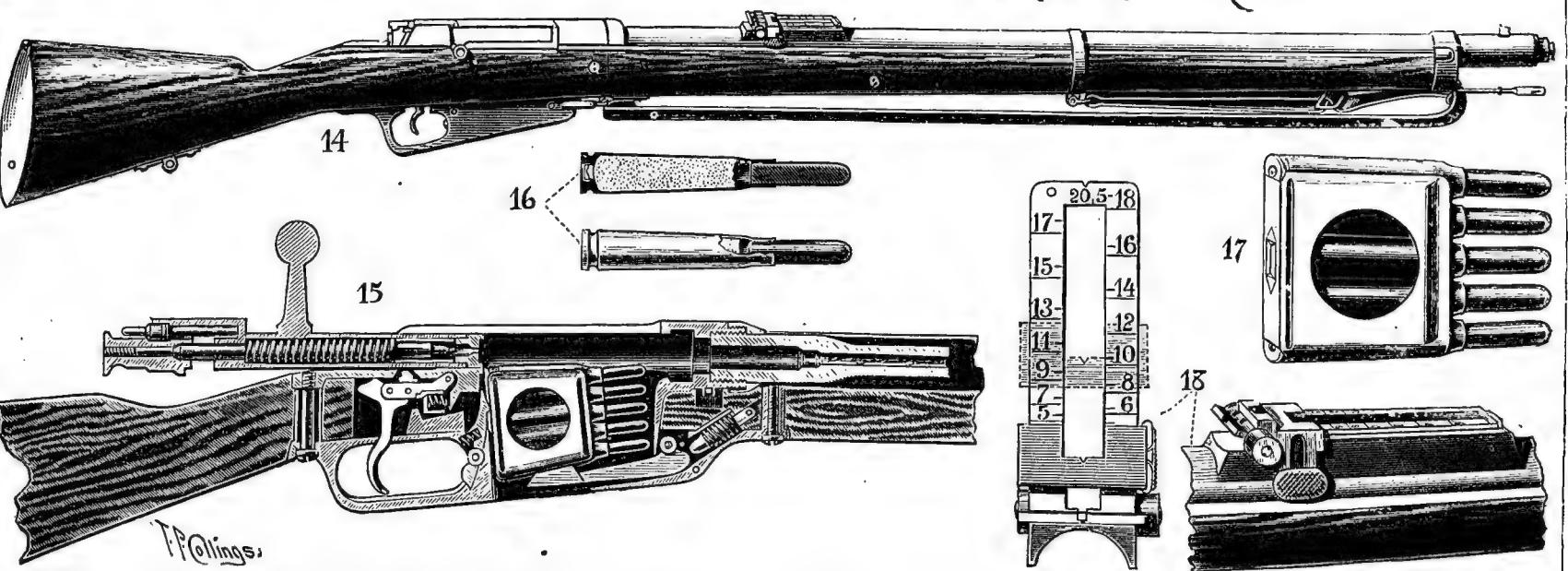
English 'Magazine.'



French 'Lebel,'



& German Infantry Rifles.



1. ENGLISH MAGAZINE RIFLE: SECTION AFTER FIRING FOUR BULLETS
2. VIEW OF RIFLE, SHOWING LOCKING-BOLT AND DIAL SIGHT-POINTER "ON"
- 3, 4, and 5. ELEVATION, END VIEW, AND SECTION OF MAGAZINE
6. ENLARGED VIEW OF BORE IN CROSS-SECTION

7. SIGHTS
8. MAGAZINE, CUT OFF
9. BOLT, PLAN AND ELEVATION
10. FRENCH "LEBEL" RIFLE: ELEVATION
11. PLAN
12. SECTION, AFTER FIRING

13. SHEWING THE MOVEMENT OF CARTRIDGE FROM MAGAZINE TO BARREL
14. GERMAN RIFLE: ELEVATION
15. SECTION
16. CARTRIDGES: SECTION AND PART ELEVATION
17. MAGAZINE
18. SIGHTS



MESSRS. MARSHALL.—Three songs, for which Edward St. Quentin has composed the admirable music, will take foremost rank in the vocal music of the season. Most attractive of the group is "Gondoliers," a barcarolle with obbligato accompaniments for violin, cello, and flute, words by A. Horspool. "Mother, Good Night," is a pathetic poem by Laurence Fane. "Last on the Roll," words by Arthur Binnie, is a melancholy episode of military life. "The Golden Threshold," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Cecil Winn, would be a really pretty song but for the reiteration of "Oh!" which borders on the ludicrous.—The guitar is one of the favourite instruments of the season; chiefly on account of the facility with which it may be mastered. Guitarists will give a hearty welcome to "Pierrot," an album of popular contralto songs, with accompaniments for the guitar arranged by F. Giacomo.—A *multum in parvo* of useful instruction is "Standard Viola Tutor," by Basil Althaus. A student with ordinary ability may learn to play fairly well from this clever work.—Four albums of the Philharmonic Edition, published by this firm, are noteworthy examples of clear and legible printing. They are respectively, "Favourite Airs from Elijah" (Mendelssohn), for violin and piano, a very useful addition to the Sunday music at home;—"A Midsummer Night's Dream" (Mendelssohn), arranged as a piano solo, will prove equally interesting as the above for secular occasions; in this collection we have the overture, scherzo, nocturne, wedding march, and intermezzo; "Favourite Airs from Balfe's Bohemian Girl," easily arranged by G. Manfeldt for mandoline and piano; and "The Abbey Voluntaries" for the organ, harmonium, or American organ (Vol. III.), by W. G. Wood, an easy collection of sacred and secular compositions.—Three bright and pleasing after-dinner pianoforte pieces are, "Tarantelle in C minor," by Arthur T. M'Evoy; "March of the Pensioners," by Edward St. Quentin; and "Polish Country Dance," by Ivan Tchakoff.—A very charming portrait of Miss Fortescue will draw admiring attention to "A Dream of May Valse," by Josef Meissler; this is one of his latest and best dance compositions.—A meet companion for the above is "Sweetest and Dearest Waltz," by Florence Fare.—Nos. 220 and 221 of Marshall's "Philharmonic Edition" are "The Birthday Ball," an album of famous dances, very easily arranged and fingered for children, by Edward St. Quentin, which will delight the little folks, and "The Bohemian Waltz Album," which contains seven well-known and popular waltzes by favourite composers.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"Album of Six Songs," composed by Henry J. Wood, contains some pleasing songs of average merit. Most attractive of the group is "Flower, Thou Resemblest," poetry by Heine, who has also supplied the words "The Sea Hath Its Pearls," one of his most tender poems; "Every Morning Rise I Crying;" and "When on My Couch I'm Lying;" the remaining two are "Tell Me, Ye Shepherds" and "The Dying Child," words by Miss Landon (Messrs. Weekes and Co.).—The children of the nineteenth century are certainly well cared for as far as amusements are concerned, their studies being made easy in more ways than one; for example, "Action Songs," which are used in most schools, combine exercise and play, and at the same time teach whilst they amuse the young people. "Golden Boat" consists of twelve descriptive songs with appropriate actions. A very interesting account of the origin of these action-songs is given in the introduction. We can cordially commend this fascinating little work to all mothers, governesses, and nurses, who will surely find in it a means of amusing the children for hours together in the long, cold, winter afternoons.—"Queen Anne Fan Song," an action-song for school concerts, is intended for children of medium age, written and composed by A. J. Foxwell and C. Hutchins Lewis; there are full directions given for the performance of this very graceful dance, the success of which much depends upon the skilful handling of the fans. At a breaking-up school party this action-song would make a very good effect (Messrs. J. Curwen and Sons).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. JOHN DENNIS, author of "Studies in English Literature," has edited a selection of "Aubrey De Vere's Poems" (Cassell). The editor is warmly eulogistic of the poet, and his disinterested admiration is calculated to arouse sympathy. We gather that Mr. De Vere has not yet been appreciated as he deserves. "Our love of his poetry," observes the editor, "is rarely love at first sight." From this it is to be inferred that it was only after reading the poet many times Mr. Dennis wrote his preface. Mr. De Vere "resembles the Laureate in mastery of language, in vividness of perception, and in freedom from eccentricity." As if this were not praise enough, the editor goes on to add:—"His sonnets may vie with the sweetest and subtlest sonnets of the century; his odes have the 'pride and ample pinion' of a singer who, on rising to his heaven of invention, has left the earth far beneath him." Fearful that he has not said enough warm words of commendation, he quotes from a critic who lays on the butter with as muchunction, if more restraint, than himself. Then we come to the selections. A good deal of Mr. de Vere's verse is light and graceful enough, neither better nor worse than that of the average third-rate versifier, with a cultivated taste, and some small measure of imagination. Indeed, some of his work is so respectable that we could wish that he had edited his editor, though perhaps that gentleman took accurate measure of the poet and his requirements. We quote three stanzas from a poem on Chaucer, which seems as good as anything else in what Mr. Dennis dubs "this Anthology":—

In Spring, when the breast of the lime-grove gathers
Its roseate cloud; when the flushed streams sing,
And the mavis tricks her in gayer feathers,
Read Chaucer then; for Chaucer is Spring!

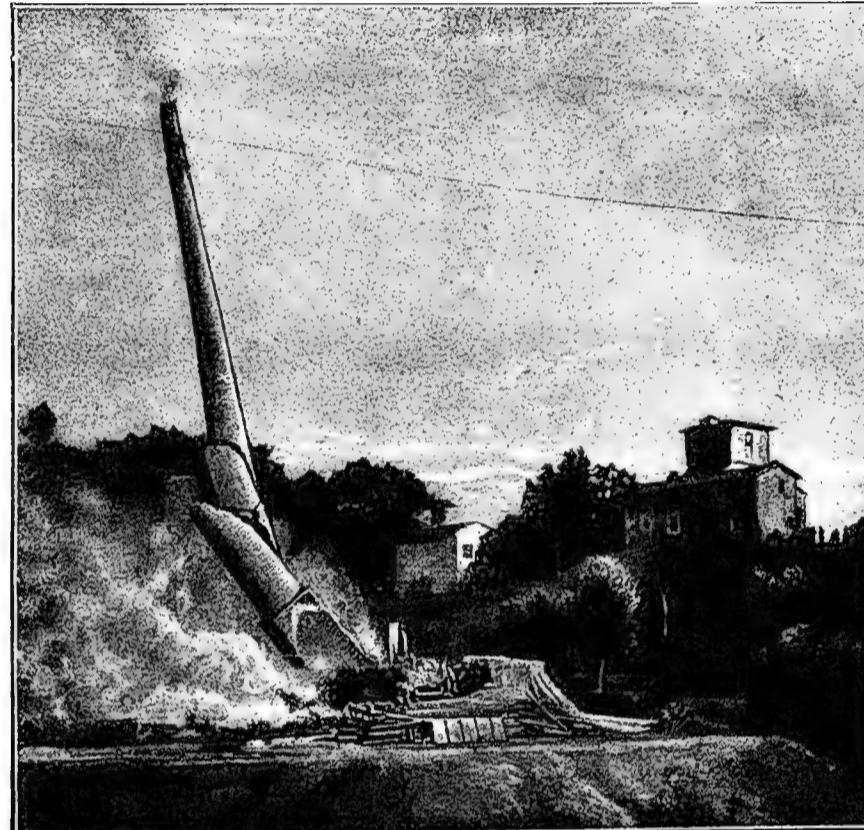
On lonely evenings in dull Novembers,
When rills run choked under skies of lead,
And on forest hearths the year's last embers,
Wind-heaped and glowing, lie, yellow and red;
Read Chaucer still! In his ivied bower,
With knights and wood-gods and saints embossed,
Spring hides her head till the wintry breaker
Thunders no more on the far-off coast.

A neat little pocket volume is "Carmen Macaronicum" (Gilbert and Rivington), a collection of extracts from foreign and ancient literature, with translations by Mr. John W. Mollett, B.A. Numerous examples are here given of the German "Minnegesang," which flourished from A.D. 1150 to 1300. Mr. Mollett groups his selections under the headings "Nature" and "Social Life," both, however, having reference to his second title, "Seasons of the Year." He has certainly culled many pretty things in his excursions into a poetical literature not too familiar to the mass of even cultivated readers.

We have also received, from Messrs. Bickers and Son, Mr. William Spink's "The Autocrat in the Green Room; with a Play after Othello."

DESTRUCTION OF A CHIMNEY NEAR FLORENCE

THIS chimney belonged to a furnace built by Mr. Trehewella, who is constructing part of the railway between Faenza and Florence, for the manufacture of bricks. Five millions of bricks have been made there, principally to line a tunnel three miles long through the Apennines; but as bricks were no longer wanted in that locality



BLOWING UP OF A CHIMNEY NEAR FLORENCE
From an Instantaneous Photograph

it was decided to demolish the furnace and chimney by means of dynamite. The masonry was mined in half-a-dozen places, and four pounds of dynamite placed in the excavations. At the explosion of the fifth shot the chimney fell, and was broken into fragments ere reaching the ground.—Our illustration is from a photograph by Mr. E. Thrupp, 10, Via di Robbia, Florence.

REGIMENTAL "PETS"

AMONGST the numerous deaths which have lately taken place, it is our melancholy duty to record one of which no notice has appeared in the obituary columns of the daily papers—the death of "Billy," the goat belonging to the 2nd Battalion of the Welsh Regiment, formerly the 69th South Lincolnshire.

"Billy" died at Cork, where the 2nd Welsh are now stationed.



GOAT, LATELY DECEASED,
Belonging to the 2nd Battalion Welsh Regiment

Of "Billy's" history, of his pedigree, of the circumstances which led to his being adopted as the regimental pet of the "Old Agamemmons,"* and of the manner in which he comported himself.

* A detachment of the 69th South Lincolnshire Regiment served as Marines on board the *Agamemnon*, under Nelson; hence the sobriquet "Old Agamemmons." There was also a detachment of the 69th on Nelson's ship (*Captain*) at the battle of St. Vincent (14th Feb., 1797), when one of their number, Private Matthew Stevens, was the first man to board the Spanish three-decker *San Nicolas*.

self during his service "with the colours," we, unfortunately, have no particulars. All we know is, that "Billy" of the 2nd Welsh has gone the way of all flesh, and that his death is regretted by the whole battalion, from the Colonel down to the smallest drum-boy.

The British soldier has a great love for "regimental pets," and there are few corps in Her Majesty's Army which do not possess a four-footed favourite, though in some corps these favourites take a more prominent position than in others.

The 66th (2nd Royal Berks) had a famous dog, which was present with the regiment at Maiwand, of which "fated field of strife" he was one of the few survivors. "Bob" was decorated with a medal, and we believe that his remains—alas! he has joined the "great majority"—were stuffed, and now have a resting-place in the officers' mess.

Another corps which possesses a highly-prized pet is the 2nd Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment—late the 95th Derbyshire.

It was on March 30th, 1858, that Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel Raines of the 95th Foot led the third assaulting column at the capture of Kotah, an important fortified city of Rajpootana. The assault had proved successful; Kotah was taken, and the 95th, under Raines, were engaged in clearing the streets, when a private of the Grenadier company noticed a fine black ram tethered in a garden—a splendid animal, with enormous curved horns, one, in fact, of the famous breed of Rajpootana "fighting-rams." Colonel Raines's attention being drawn to this ram, it struck him how very well it would look marching at the head of the 95th, so, as there was no actual fighting going on at that moment, he ordered the Grenadier to take possession of it. The Grenadier gladly obeyed, and thus the 95th acquired this handsome representation of their regimental badge (the "Derby Ram"); for the ram proved a willing prisoner, and showed no disposition to resent its compulsory enlistment into Her Majesty's service.

The 95th highly approved of their prize, and forthwith dubbed him "Derby I." "Derby" subsequently accompanied the regiment throughout the Central Indian campaign, marching with the headquarters upwards of 3,000 miles. When the Mutiny was crushed and peace restored to India, the ladies of the 95th made "Derby" a handsome scarlet body-cloth, embroidered in floss-silk with the "honours," &c., of the corps. "Derby I." met with his death in 1863, when he was drowned in a well at Hydrabad. Since his installation the 95th have never been without a ram to head the regiment on grand occasions.

Besides goats, dogs, and rams, there may be found in the list of regimental pets deer, sheep, donkeys, camels, and even leopards and tigers; but probably the "pets" best known to the general public are the famous goats of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. The Welsh Fusiliers are a very ancient corps. They were embodied in 1689, and it was, we believe, at an early period of their existence that the custom of having a goat, with a shield and garlands on its horns, to march at the head of the drums, first obtained. Grose, in his "Military Antiquities," mentions the custom, as follows:—

"The Royal Regiment of Welsh Fusiliers has the privileged honour of passing in review preceded by a goat with gilded horns, and adorned with ringlets of flowers; and although this may not come immediately under the denomination of a reward for merit, yet the corps values itself much on the antiquity of the custom."

"Every 1st of March, being the anniversary of their tutelar saint, David, the officers give a splendid entertainment to all their Welsh brethren; and after the cloth is taken away a bumper is filled round to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, whose health is always drunk the first on that day; the band playing the old tune of 'The Noble Race of Shropshire,' when a handsome drummer-boy, elegantly dressed, mounted on the goat, richly comparisoned for the occasion, is led thrice round the table in procession by the drum-major.

"It happened in 1775, in Boston, that the animal gave such a spring from the floor, that he dropped his rider upon the table, and then, bounding over the heads of some officers, he ran to the barracks with all his trappings, to the no small joy of the garrison."

Donkin, another military writer of the last century, also gives an account of the 23rd's famous goat, but his version of the above episode is somewhat different; for he states that the unfortunate drummer was killed, and that the practice of mounting the goat during his triumphant march round the mess-table was, in consequence, discontinued.

The same goat which threw the drummer accompanied the regiment into action at Bunker's Hill, when the Welsh Fusiliers had all their officers, except one, placed *hors de combat*. To quote an American novelist (Fennimore Cooper), who gives an account of that fratricidal battle—in which

The son and father loosed mild Nature's ties,
And by a brother's hand a brother dies,
"the Welsh Fusiliers had hardly men enough left to saddle their goat. . . . The corps was distinguished alike for its courage and its losses" (Lionel Lincoln). What became of the Bunker's Hill Goat we do not know; nor can we say how many successors he had between the years 1775 and 1844. In the latter year, the then regimental goat died, and, to compensate the 23rd for its loss, Her Majesty presented the regiment with two of the finest goats belonging to a flock—the gift of the Shah of Persia—in Windsor Park.

Since that date, the Queen has continued to supply the Royal Welsh Fusiliers with goats as occasion has required. "Billy"—"Her Majesty's Goat," as he is styled—bears between his horns a handsome silver shield, or "frontlet," surrounded by the Prince of Wales's plume and motto, with the inscription:—"The Gift of Her Majesty Queen Victoria to the Royal Welsh Fusiliers. A.D., MDCCXLVI. Duw a Cadw y Frenhines."

"Billy" always marches at the head of his battalion, alongside of the drum-major.

J. PERCY GROVES,
Late 27th Inniskillings.

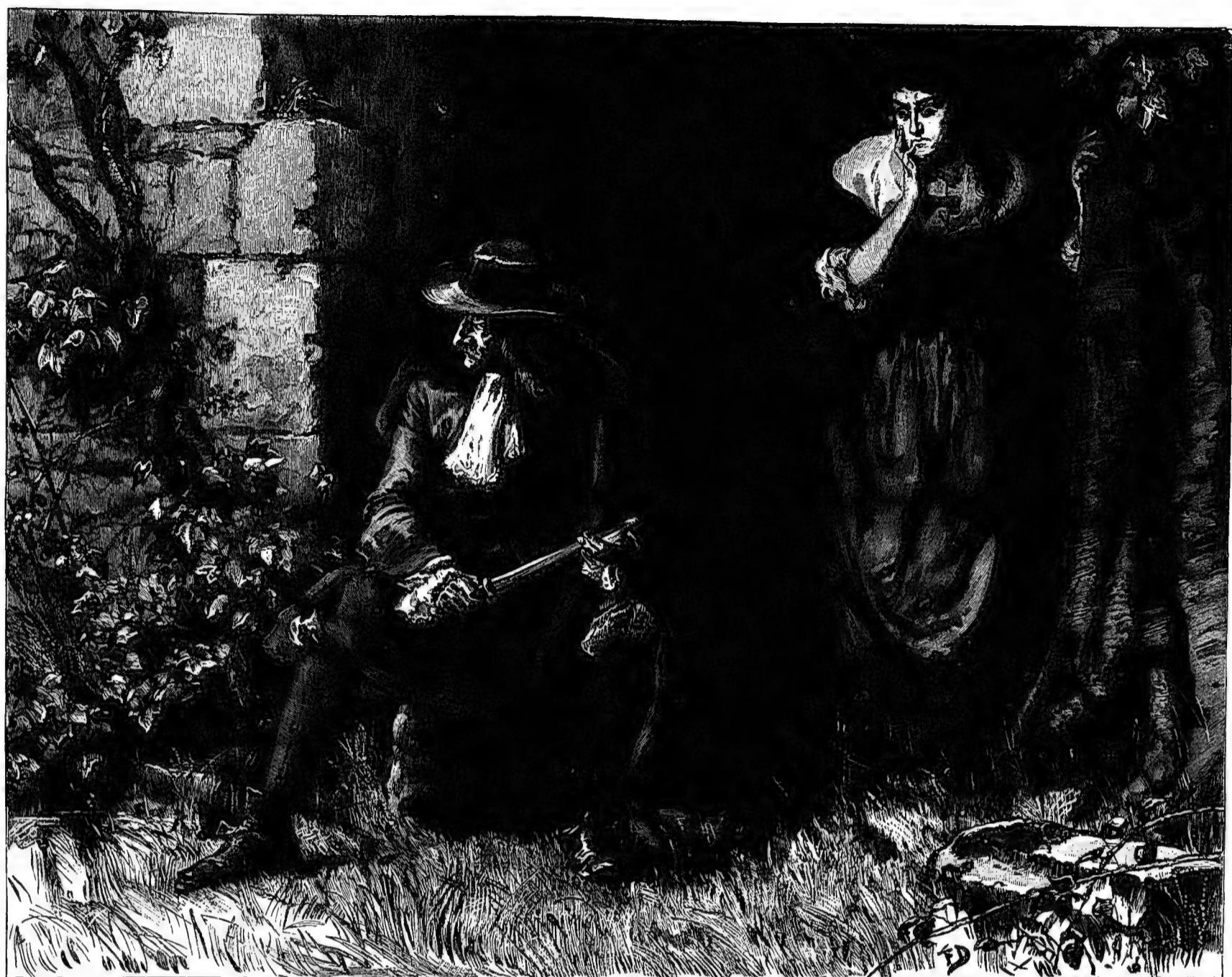
M. ERNEST RENAN, the eminent French writer, is in very delicate health, suffering severely from rheumatic gout.

QUEEN NATALIE OF SERVIA has joined the ranks of Royal authors. She is writing her autobiography, but with a political purpose, for she intends to place her memoirs before the Skuptchina in support of a petition for the acknowledgement of her rights as Queen-Mother.

THE END OF THE ALPINE CLIMBING SEASON is sure to produce some accident. Two tourists who attempted to ascend the Sennit—the highest peak in Canton Appenzell—have been lost in a snowstorm, and a relief party has started in search. Speaking of the mountains, 20,000 tourists visited Chamounix this summer, including 5,000 English.



"PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN"
FROM THE PICTURE BY FRANZ HALS, IN THE LOUVRE MUSEUM AT PARIS



DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

"Then he took out his hunting-knife and tried the point on his fingers"

"URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR"

By S. BARING GOULD, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF "MEHALAH," "JOHN HERRING," "COURT ROYAL," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON THE ROAD

FOX CRYMES walked on towards Hall with Bessie. He could not well leave her to take the rest of her course alone, after the old man, her father, had ridden past, forgetting her, and leaving her to make her way home without him. They therefore walked on together, speaking at intervals and disconnectedly to each other, Bessie feeling the irksomeness of her position, and he unwilling further to jeopardise his suit by pressing it on her any more. He had said what was sufficient, and he left the father to use pressure to force her to comply with his wishes.

The two had not, however, proceeded more than a mile before they saw Squire Cleverdon riding back to meet them. He had recalled his promise before he reached home, and then remembered having passed two persons whom he did not particularly observe, but whom he concluded were his daughter and Fox.

The first impression he had received from Anthony's conduct was that he put the offer from him altogether; and yet, on further consideration, he persuaded himself that he had been mistaken. Had Anthony finally decided to reject his offer, why had he not said so in words? The old man's nature was coarse—he could not understand the struggles of a generous mind and resistance to mean motives. Anthony had not spoken, because he did not choose to speak before Julian, because he thought it seemly to affect difficulty of persuasion, because he wanted time in which to consider it, because—because—the father could find many reasons why Anthony should not immediately close with the proposal.

The more the old Squire turned the matter over, the more obvious it became to him that Anthony would do as he wished. It was inconceivable to him that he should persist in a course of opposition to his best interests. The boy was proud; but he had learned, by sore experience, that pride brought to misery. He had tried his strength against his father's—had shown what he could do; and now, if he gave way, he was not humiliated. Why, in the Civil Wars, when Salcombe Castle was held by Sir Edmund Fortescue for five months against the Roundheads, and held after every other fort in the country had been taken or had surrendered; and then, when starved into yielding, it was on the most honourable terms, and Sir Edmund marched forth with all the honours of war, bearing away with him the key of the castle he had so gallantly defended. This was no disgrace to him, it was a proud act of which all Devon men would speak with elation. Why then should not Anthony surrender? He should march forth with flying

colours, and it would be no blow to his self-respect, no jar to his pride. The old man, having worked himself into the conviction that his case was won, was full of elation, and, with the petty spite of a mean mind, he resolved at once to show Fox he had no longer need of him. Then it was that he remembered that Fox and Bessie were to walk towards Hall till he caught them up, and he turned his horse's head and rode back till he met them.

"Heigh, there!" shouted the old man; "how goes the suit, Tony Crymes? Hast thou won her consent?" He paused for an answer.

"Her mother brought her naught," he continued, when Fox remained silent, not well knowing what answer to make.

"That I know," said Fox; "but he who wins Bessie Cleverdon wins a treasure."

"I am glad thou thinkest so. I hope that will satisfy thee. Come, Tony, lend a hand to the maid's foot, and help her up on the pillion behind me."

Fox obeyed; the dirty road had soiled Bessie's boot, so that he could not preserve a clean hand.

"Find her heavy, eh?" asked the Squire, in a mocking tone. "Much gold and many acres stick to thy hand when thou puttest it forth to her, eh?"

Fox looked questioningly at the old man. His tone was changed.

"Bessie will bring luck that will adhere to whatever hand holds her," said the young man.

"No doubt—no doubt," said the Squire. "You may walk at our side, and I will have a word with thee. Come on to Hall if it give thee pleasure. The road is well known to thee, thou hast trod it many a time of late. I doubt but soon thou thinkest to set up thy home there, and not to have to run to and fro as heretofore."

Fox looked again inquiringly and uneasily at the old man. He did not understand this new style of banter.

"Thou hast helped Bessie now into pillion, and I suppose thou art reckoning on the stuffing of the pad on to which thou thinkest her hand will help thee up, eh?"

Fox, usually ready with a word, was uncertain how to meet these sallies, and still remained silent.

The old man rode on, casting an occasional glance, full of cynicism, at young Crymes, who walked at the side of the horse.

Fox would not return till he was enlightened on this change in his manner; nor would he say much, resolving on silence as the best method of forcing old Cleverdon to show what was in his mind.

"What dost say to Anthony coming home?" asked the Squire of his daughter, turning his head over his shoulder.

"Anthony—is he really coming to Hall?" gasped Bessie, her heart leaping with gladness.

"It will be a pleasure to thee to be able to retain the name of Crymes," sneered the Squire, turning to the walker. "A fine, ancient, gentle name; thou didst doubt about exchanging it for one less venerable—that of Cleverdon, though of better sound, and the name that goes up, whilst Crymes goes down?"

Anthony Crymes's colour changed. "I do not understand what you aim at," he said, in uncertain tone.

"Nay, there is naught hard to be understood in what I say. If Anthony should come back to me, then there will be no need for Tony Crymes to spend some forty guineas to obtain licence to call himself Cleverdon."

"Then Anthony is coming back! Oh, father!" exclaimed Bessie, "this is glad tidings." She disregarded all his hints and allusions to her marriage with Fox.

"This it is—you, Bess, say you are pleased to hear it, and I am very sure it will delight Tony Crymes. This it is—my Anthony has had the offer made him by me that he shall return to Hall, and all be forgiven and forgot that was between us."

"Oh, father, and you will receive Urith!"

"Not so fast, Bess. Anthony comes back, but never, never, will I suffer that hussy to cross my threshold. I swore that when he married her, and I will not go from my oath. No—Anthony returns, but not with that creature—that beggar wench. He comes himself. He comes alone."

"He cannot, father; he cannot—she is his wife."

"She is, as his madness made it to be—she is his wife. But he is tired of the folly; he repents it. He will be glad to be quit of her. He comes back to me, and she remains in her beggary at Willsworthy."

"Never, father! never. Anthony could not have agreed to that."

"I tell thee he did; that is, he has almost agreed to it. He did not close with the offer I made at once, but, for appearance sake, made some difficulty—yet only for appearance sake. I have given him three days, and in that time he will have let the matter be noised abroad, have broken his intention to the girl, and have made himself ready to return to me."

"Father!" said Bessie, in a voice choked with agitation, "I can never regard—never think of Anthony again, in the old way, if he do this. He must not leave his wife. He swore before God to hold to her in poverty or in wealth till death, and thou wilt make him forswear himself?"

"His first duty he owes to me—nay, he owes it to himself, to

THE GRAPHIC

return from the evil ways in which he has gone. Heaven set him in Hall, and he went against Heaven when he left it; now he is the prodigal that has been among swine, but comes back to his father. That is Scripture—that is the Word of God, and stands before all foolish words said in oath, without weighing what they meant."

Fox Crymes caught the bridle, and stayed the horse.

"Is this jest, or is it earnest?" he asked, huskily.

"It is most serious and solemn earnest," answered the Squire.

"Then I insist on a word with thee, and I will hold the bridle till thou dismount. I will not let thee go on till I have spoken alone with thee. Let Bessie go forward, we must say somewhat together."

Squire Cleverdon had no whip, but he struck spurs into the flanks of his horse; but Fox held the rein, and, though the beast plunged and kicked out, he would not let it break away. Bessie was almost thrown off, and in her danger threatened to drag her father with her.

"Nay, thou shalt not escape me," said Fox. "Dismount, Master Cleverdon, and tell me plainly what this new matter is between thee and thy graceless fool of a son, or I will make the horse fling thee into the mud, and perhaps break thy neck."

The old man thought best to comply, and, growling, he dismounted. Then Fox let go his hold of the rein, and bade Bessie ride forward beyond earshot.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked Fox, who was livid with rage and mortification, so livid, that the freckles on his face stood out as black spots on the hide of a coach-dog. "It is ill to trifle with me. You arranged all with me. I was to have your daughter, and succeed to Hall, I was to take your name, and step into all the rights forfeited by Anthony. You brought me face to face with Bessie at her aunt's, and then sent me walking back towards Hall with her, to press my case. When all is nearly over, then you turn round, cast me over, and reinstate that son who has maltreated and half-blinded me, and make a mock of me for my pains?"

"It is you who have trifled with me," retorted the Squire, with less heat, but more bitterness. "You told me that you would urge my suit with your sister; you brought me weekly accounts of how she was becoming more disposed to think of me, you flattered and encouraged me, and all the while you knew—"

"I knew what? I knew nothing, save that you are old, and she young."

"That is not it," said the Squire, peevishly, "that is not what I refer to. You knew that she was encouraging my son, and that the old attachment that subsisted before this hateful affair with Uriah Malvive had reasserted itself."

"It is false," answered Fox, furiously, "not content with making your sport with me, you insult my sister."

"I suppose you will not dispute the testimony of my own eyes," sneered old Cleverdon.

"And to what do they bear testimony?"

"To what I said. I entered the parlour where they were, she standing over him, at the window; he seated, with his arms thrown about her neck, kissing her, and above them on the glass, scrawled by his finger, their initials woven together, with a true lover's knot."

Fox glared at him, in speechless wrath.

"Now—what say you to that?" asked the old man. "With such proceedings, allowed, connived at in your house, I am to be lured on to offer myself to your precious sister, and then to be laughed at, and scouted for my folly—a folly into which you were drawing me."

"It is false"—that was all Fox could say, so disconcerted, so choked was he with rage.

"It is not false. I have but just come from your house, and saw that, and because I saw it, I made overtures to Anthony to return. It was clear to me that all the fever of fancy for that hussy at Wills-worth was dead as ashes. That the reputation of Julian will need looking to, should he return to me, and be separate from Uriah, is naught to me."

"He has enough to answer to me without this," gasped Fox. Then, by an effort, he steadied his voice and resumed his usual manner. "Now," said he, "let us have all brought into measure and rhyme between us. You tell me that Anthony comes back to Hall and abandons his wife."

"Aye! That is my offer to him. Let him leave Wills-worth and return to me, and all shall be forgiven. 'Tis a misfortune that he cannot be rid of his wife, but the tie by law alone will remain. She shall never be mentioned between us."

"And he agrees to this?"

"I have granted him three days to consider. In three days he gives me his answer, but who can doubt what that answer will be? Is he not wearied with his toy? Has he had good cheer at Wills-worth? Has he aught there now to retain him?"

"And what about Bessie?"

"Oh! you are welcome to her, as I said before; but after my death Hall will go to Anthony, only the reversion to thee and any child thou hast by Bess. Should my Anthony survive Uriah and marry again, then to his son by his second wife, never—that I have ever maintained—never to any child of his by Uriah Malvive."

Fox laughed contemptuously.

"A poor prospect for Bess and her husband."

"A poor prospect, mayhap, but the only one on which they can look through their windows when they set up house together."

"And what allowance will you make Bessie when she marries?"

"But a trifle—I cannot more."

"So her husband and she are to live on the expectation of succession should they survive Anthony, and should Anthony not be remarried."

"That is all."

"But what if Anthony refuses your offer?"

"Then all remains as before. He will not refuse."

"I will hear that from his own mouth. Where is he?"

"I did not overtake him on the road. He has not yet left the town. I doubt not he has gone to his Aunt Magdalene."

"One word more. Hold up your hand to Heaven and swear that he dared—dared to put his arms round and kiss my sister! He—he—Anthony Cleverdon!"

"I will do it! It is true!"

Fox remained in the midst of the road, and his hand convulsively caught and played with his hunting-knife that hung to his belt. His red, thick brows were knitted.

As old Cleverdon looked at his mottled face, he allowed to himself that Bess would have bad taste to choose such an one unwittingly; and that, unwilling, it would take some compulsion to drive her to accept him.

"And, if Anthony does not come within three days, all remains as heretofore?" again asked Fox, looking furtively up at the father, and then letting his eyes fall again.

"Yes, all as heretofore. Should he dare to disappoint me in this, not a thread from my coat, not a grass-blade from my land, shall fall to him."

Fox waved his hand. "That will do," he said, and turned away.

He was at the junction of the road or track that led from Wills-worth with the main highway along which Squire Cleverdon had been riding. He remained at this point, waiting till the old man had remounted, and had trotted away, with Bessie behind him.

There he stood, still playing with the handle of his hunting-knife, his red, lowering brows contracted over his small eyes, watching till the riders disappeared over the hill. Then he turned along the track-way that led to Wills-worth, with his head down against the drizzling rain, which had come on again, after having ceased for an hour; which came on again thick, blotting out the scenery—all prospect within a hundred feet, as effectually as though veils of white gauze had been let down out of the heavens, one behind another.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TWO PARTS OF A TOKEN

ANTHONY had, as his father surmised, gone to see his Aunt Magdalene. His heart was soft within him—softened at the sense of his own unworthiness, and with the return flow of his old love to Uriah. And as he did not desire at once to go back to Wills-worth, and at the same time remembered that some time had elapsed since he had seen his aunt, he went to her house. There he found his grandmother, Mistress Penwarne. Some of the bitterness of the old woman seemed to be rubbed away. Perhaps daily association with the gentleness of Luke Cleverdon had done this.

She was in tears when Anthony entered. Magdalene had been talking with her over the plan mapped out for Bessie, to the complete, final exclusion of Anthony from return to his father's house.

"Now—now does the righteous God pay back to old Anthony Cleverdon all the wrong he did my daughter," she said. "See—drop for drop of gall. Where there fell one on my child's heart, his own son spirits a drop on to his father's heart. There is retribution in this world."

"Oh, Mistress Penwarne," remonstrates Magdalene. "How can you take delight in this?"

"I delight only in seeing justice done," answered the old woman. "You hold with your brother—naturally—to some extent; but you never loved my daughter. You never showed her kindness—"

"Indeed, now," interrupted Magdalene, "there you do me a wrong. It was Margaret who would not suffer me to enter the house and be of any consequence more in Hall, who withheld me when I would draw near to my brother."

"She had no power to withstand any one. That you know full well. She weighed naught with her husband. But let that be. If you sinned against her, God is bringing the whip down on your shoulders as well, for I know that what is now falling out is to you great pain and affliction."

"That it is indeed," sighed Magdalene.

"Anthony is used by the hand of Providence as its rod with the father; Heaven rewards on the proud Squire of Hall every heart-ache, every humiliation to which he subjected my child. You know not how I have prayed that I might be suffered to see the day when the rod should fall and beat the back of the offender."

"You do not reckon," said Magdalene, "that the chief suffering falls, not on my brother, but on your daughter's son. Is not Anthony the very image of his mother? Has he not her eyes and hair—all the upper part of his countenance? Does not her blood run in his veins? You have desired revenge on my brother, and you have got it through the breaking to pieces of your own grandson."

Mistress Penwarne was silent. It was as Magdalene said.

"Yes, and whom does Bessie resemble most? She has none of the handsomeness of your Margaret. It is true that she is her child, but she has inherited the plain homeliness of the Cleverdons. Look at yonder picture over the mantel-shelf. That was drawn of me when about her age. Does she not so resemble me at that time that you would say she had taken nothing of the Penwarne, that she was altogether and only Cleverdon? Yet to her will come Hall. She will be mistress there, and to her child it will descend, to the utter exclusion of Anthony. Nay, I cannot think that the judgment of God, to which thou appealest ever, is falling all to thy side in its weighted scale."

The old woman was about to answer when Anthony entered. He was pale, and his pallor reminded her of her daughter as the wan picture recalled Bessie. Mrs. Penwarne rose from her chair and stepped up to him, took him by both his hands, and looked him steadily in the face. As she did so great tears formed in her eyes and rolled down her wrinkled cheeks.

"Ah!" said she, seeing in him her dead daughter, and her voice quivered, "how hardly did the Master of Hall treat her, but Magdalene—aye, and Bessie—know that better than thou. He was rough and cruel, and now thou hast felt what his roughness and cruelty be—now thou canst understand how he behaved to thy poor mother; but thou art a man and able to go where thou wilt, fight thine own way though the world, care for thyself thine own future. It was not so with my poor Margaret. She was linked to him—she could not escape, and he used his strength and authority and wealth to beat and to torment and break her. And Margaret had a spirit. Have you seen how a little dog is mended of lamb worrying? It is attached to an old ram—linked to it past escape, and at every moment the ram lets drive at the little creature with his horns, gets him under his feet and tramples him, kneels on him and kneads him with his knees, ripping at him all the while with his horns. Then, finally, the little dog is detached and taken away, covered with wounds and bruises, before the ram kills it. It was so with my Margaret, but she was no lamb-killer—only had a high spirit—and she was tied to that man, your father. He rent her away from Richard Malvive, whom she loved, just because it was his pleasure, and he broke her heart. Look here."

The old grandmother drew from her bosom a token, a silver crown-piece of Charles I., on which the King was figured mounted on horseback; but the coin was broken, and to her neck hung but one half.

"Look at this," said Mrs. Penwarne. "Here is the half-token that Richard Malvive gave to my daughter, and the other half he kept himself. That was the pledge that they belonged to each other. Yet Anthony Cleverdon of Hall would not have it so. He took her away, and on her marriage day she gave me the broken half-token. She had no right to retain that; but with her broken heart she could not part so readily. As if it were not enough that he had torn her away from the man she loved: your father left not a day to pass without ill-treating her in some way. He was jealous, because he thought her heart still hung to Richard Malvive; though, as God in Heaven knows, she never failed in her duty to him, and strove faithfully to cast out from her heart every thought of the man she had loved, and to whom the Squire of Hall had made her unfaithful. As he could not win her love, he sought to crush her by ill-treatment. Now, O my Lord! how it must rejoice my poor Margaret, and Richard also, in Paradise, to think that their children should come together and be one—as they themselves never could be."

She ceased and sobbed. Then, with shaking hands, she put the ribbon to which the broken token depended round Anthony's neck.

"Take this," she said. "I never thought to part with it; but it of right belongs now to thee. Take it as a pledge of thy mother's love, that her broken heart goes with thee to Wills-worth, and finds its rest there; and with it take my blessing."

Anthony bowed his head, and looked at the silver coin, rubbed very much, and placed it on his breast, inside his coat.

"Thank thee, grandmother," he said. "I will cherish it as a remembrance of my mother."

"And tell me," said she, "is it so, that thou art for ever driven away from Hall, that thy father will take thy name, even, and give it to another, and that thou and thy children are for ever to be shut off and cast away from all lot and inheritance in the place where thy forefathers have been?"

"It is even so," answered Anthony. "But, hark!"

A horn was being blown in the street, and there was a tramp of running feet, and voices many in excitement.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed Magdalene, going to the window. "Mercy on us! What must have taken place?"

Anthony ran out of the house. The street had filled; there were people of all sorts coming out of their houses, asking news, pressing inwards toward the man with the horn. Anthony elbowed his way through the throng.

"What is this about?" he inquired of a man he knew.

"The Duke of Monmouth has landed at Lyme in Dorsetshire. Hey i wave your hat for Protestantism! Who'll draw the sword against Popery and Jesuitism?"

More news was not to be got. The substance of the tidings that had just come in was contained in the few words—the Duke has landed at Lyme; with how many men was not known. What reception he had met with was as yet unknown. No one could say whether the country gentry had rallied to him—whether the militia which had been called out in expectation of his arrival had deserted to his standard.

Anthony remained some time in the street and market-place discussing the news. His spirits rose, his heart beat high; he longed to fly to Lyme, and offer himself to the Duke. His excitement over, the tidings dispelled his concern about his own future and gloomy thoughts about his troubled home. In that home there was at the time much unrest. After he had departed from Wills-worth, Uncle Sol Gibbs had burst into laughter.

"Ah, Uriah!" said he, "I hope, maid, thy hand is not hurt. It was not a fair hit. The lad was nettled; he thought himself first in everything, and all at once discovered that an old fool like me, with one hand behind my back, could beat him at every point. Your young cockerells think that because they crow loud they are masters in the cockpit. It disconcerts them to find themselves worsted by such as they have despised. There, I shall bear him no grudge. I forgive him, and he will be ashamed of himself ere ten minutes are past in which his blood has cooled. None of us are masters of ourselves when the juices are in ferment."

He took his niece's hand and looked at the palm; it was darkened across it, by the stroke of the stick.

"So! he has bruised thee, Uriah! That would have cracked my old skull had it fallen athwart it, by heaven! Never mind, I kiss thee, wench, for having saved me, and I forgive him for thy sake. Look here, Uriah, don't thou go taking it into thy noddle that all married folks agree like turtle-doves. Didn't ever hear me sing the song about Trinity Sunday?

When bites the frost and winds are a blowing,
I do not heed and I do not care.
When Tony's by me—why let it be snowing,
'Tis summer time with me all the year.
The icicles they may hang on the fountain,
And frozen over the farmyard pool,
The east wind whistle upon the mountain,
No wintry gusts our love will cool.

That is courtship, Uriah—summer in the midst of winter. Now listen to matrimony—what that is:

I shall be wed a' Trinity Sunday,
And then—adieu to my holiday!
Come frost, come snow on Trinity Monday,
Why then beginneth my winter day.
If drudge and smudge on Trinity Monday,
If wind and weather—I do not care!
If winter follows Trinity Sunday
It can't be summer-time all the year.

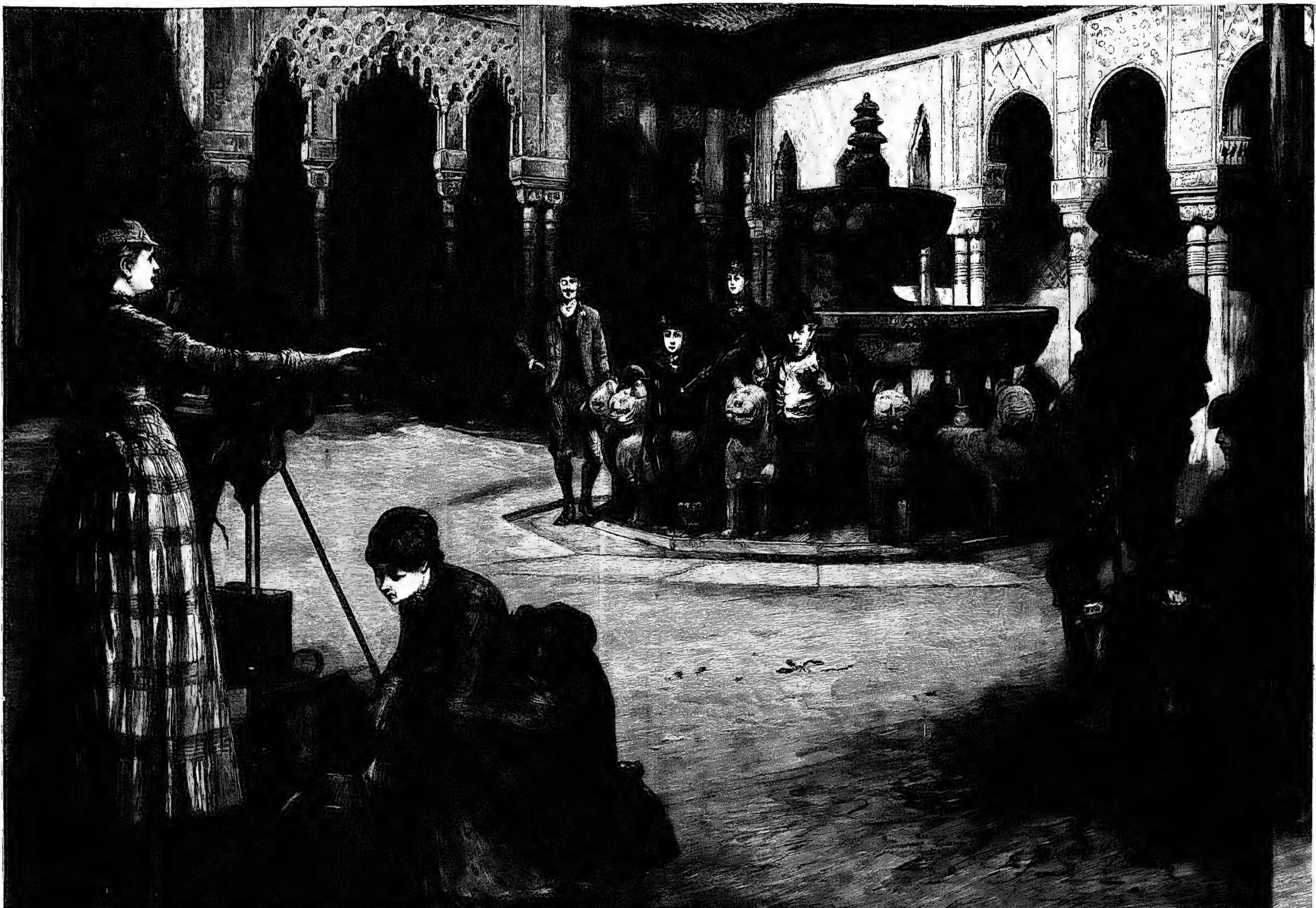
That's the proper way to regard it. After marriage storms always come; after matrimony nipping frosts and wintry gales. It can't be summer-time all the year. Now just see," continued Uncle Sol, climbing upon the table and seating himself thereon, and then fumbling in his pocket. "Dost fancy it was ever summer-time with thy father and mother after they were wed? Not a bit, wench—not a bit. They had their quarrels. I don't say that they were exactly of the same sort as be yours, but they were every whit as bad—aye! and worse, and all about this." He opened his hand and showed a broken silver crown piece of Charles I. perforated, and with a ribbon holding it. "I'll tell thee all about it. Afore thy father was like to be married to my sister, he was mighty taken in love with someone else. Well, Uriah, I won't conceal it from thee—it was with Margaret Penwarne, that afterwards married old Squire Cleverdon, and became the mother of thy Anthony. Everyone said they would make a pair, but he was poor and she had naught, and none can build their nest out of love; so it was put off. But I suppose they had passed their word to each other, and in token of good faith had broken a silver crown and parted it between them. This half," said Uncle Sol, "belonged to thy father. Well, I reckon he ought, when he married thy mother, to have put away from his thoughts the very memory of Margaret Cleverdon. I could not see into his heart—I cannot say what was there. May be he had ceased to think of her after she was wed to Anthony Cleverdon, and he had taken thy mother; may be he had not. All men have their little failings—some one way, some another. Mine is—well, you know it, niece, so let it pass. I hurt none but myself. But thy father never parted with the broken half-token, but would keep it. Many words passed between them over it, and the more angry thy mother was, the more obstinate became thy father. One day they were terrible bad—a regular storm it was, Uriah. Then I took down my singlestick, and I went up to Richard, and said I to him, 'Dick! I art in the wrong. Give me up the half-token, or, by the Lord, I'll lay thy head open for thee!' He knew me, and that I was a man of my word. He considered a moment, and then he put it into my hand—on one condition, that I should never give it to my sister. I swore to that, and we shook hands, and so peace was made for the time. There"—said the old man, descending from the table. "I will give thee the half-token, maid, for my oath does not hold me now. Thine it shall be; and when thou wearest it, or holdest it, think on this—that there is no married life without storms and vexations, and that the only way in which peace is to be gotten is for the one in the wrong to give up to the other."

He put the half-token into Uriah's hand.

She received it without a word, and held it in her bruised palm. Her face was lowering, and she mused, looking at the coin.

Yes, he who is in the wrong must abandon his wrongful way—give up what offended the other. What had she to yield? Nothing. She had done her utmost to retain Anthony's love. She had not been false to him by a moment's thought. She had striven against her own nature to fit herself to be his companion. She loved him—she loved him with her whole soul; and yet she hated him—hated him because he had slighted and neglected her at the Cakes, because he was suffering himself to be lured from her by Julian, because he was dissatisfied with his house, resented against her his quarrel with his father. She could hardly discriminate between her love and her hate. One merged into the other, or grew out of the other.

"Come!" said the old man, looking about for his hat. "By the Lord! the boy has gone off with my wet cap. Well, I shall



"MODERN GOTHS"

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS AT WORK IN THE COURT OF LIONS, IN THE ALHAMBRA, GRANADA



PATRIOTIC feelings in GERMANY have been stirred to the depths by the celebration of Count von Moltke's ninetieth birthday. Berlin has rarely displayed such enthusiasm, while, from the Sovereign downwards, every effort was made to shower honours on the aged man whom Emperor William hailed in his congratulatory speech as one of the founders of the German Empire. At His Majesty's request, Von Moltke came up from his Silesian home to the Berlin Headquarters of the General Staff, where the Empress Frederick was the first to offer her congratulations and gifts on Saturday. The popular greeting came in the evening from the monster torchlight procession, but the actual anniversary on Sunday was marked by a Royal demonstration almost unparalleled towards a subject. Surrounded by the King of Saxony—Moltke's old war-comrade—the Grand Dukes of Baden, Hesse, and nearly every other German Prince of importance, with a host of officers close by, the Emperor congratulated Moltke in a touching speech, pointing out that the late Emperor had left him scarcely any further distinction to bestow. One special act of homage alone remained, and so he begged the Count to act for the day as custodian of the Army Colours usually kept by the Monarch—an honour seldom accorded, even to brother Sovereigns. Further, the Emperor presented him with a silver and jewelled marshal's baton, whilst thanking Moltke for "being great enough not to stand alone, but to form a school of military leaders to continue his traditions." This remark is construed as a hit at Prince Bismarck, whose failure to greet personally his old fellow-worker for German Unity is much criticised, though ill-health serves as a convenient excuse. Moltke was much affected by the various congratulations, especially those from the little Crown Prince—the fifth generation of the Imperial House whom the Count has seen—and all day long visits, gifts, letters, and telegrams poured in, with messages from nearly every European Sovereign, including Queen Victoria. An Imperial banquet in the General's honour closed the festivities, and Moltke has been obliged to issue a general message of thanks in acknowledgment of the honours paid him. Austria was especially cordial, but, not unnaturally, France could not refrain from some bitter remarks on the General who humbled her to defeat. Now Berlin has greeted the King of the Belgians, who arrived on Tuesday to pay a return visit for Emperor William's late stay at Ostend. The Royal guest underwent the usual programme of State banquets, reviews, *gala* performances, and so forth. After his departure, General von Caprivi starts for ITALY, where he will visit King Humbert at Monza, and meet Signor Crispi at Milan. The Italian Premier has delayed his important electoral oration until after the interview, while the elections also are postponed to the 23rd inst.

Meanwhile, Germany is much gratified that the British officials in EAST AFRICA have dealt so sharply with the Sultan of Vitu for the recent massacre of Teutonic subjects. The Sultan having refused the demands for redress made by the British and German Consuls-General, contingents from the English Squadron destroyed several coast villages, and Admiral Fremantle and the British Consul then advanced on Vitu. The news of its capture is hourly expected. From the latest information it seems plain that Herr Kuntzel provoked the massacre by his own intemperate conduct, but the natives were in a ferment, ready to rise on the slightest pretext, and the country is now most disturbed. The German Government have taken over the chief rights of the German East Africa Company, which becomes an entirely commercial undertaking, receiving a State subsidy from the Customs. Further down the coast, relations are no more pleasant between the Portuguese and the British on the Zambezi, but Lisbon is delighted to hear of the prospect of fresh negotiations between Portugal and Great Britain for a new Treaty. The Portuguese Press have been spreading reports that the Matabeles had murdered 200 of the British Mashonaland Expedition. However, the pioneer force has been disbanded, having reached its goal at Mount Hampden, and indeed has not been near the Matabele country at all.

Now, FRANCE has her little African grievance against England on the score of the coming joint expedition to the West Coast to delimit the Anglo-French frontier north of Sierra Leone. The French complain that the news is premature, and that the expedition will be a much less important affair than announced in England. In home affairs the Budget absorbs Parliamentary attention, and has produced two stirring speeches—Monsignor Freppel's arraignment of the State for curtailing private enterprise, and M. Léon Say's elaborate criticism of the proposed new taxes, closed by the hint that the English style of framing the Budget is far superior. Protectionists, headed by M. Néline, are up in arms against the new Customs Bill, which they consider much too lenient, notwithstanding the elaborate Government explanations in the preamble. Whilst awaiting this measure, France has concluded a commercial treaty with Greece on favorable reciprocal terms. Finance and commerce, however, are less interesting to the general public than the philo-Russian agitation raised over the marriage of the Russian Ambassador's daughter with a French officer, the Vicomte de Sèze. A deputation presenting a bouquet harangued M. de Mohrenheim on the friendship between the two peoples, which "ensured the peace of Europe better than treaties," crowds made a regular demonstration outside the church on the wedding day, and President Carnot sent the bride a handsome present. Indeed, it is even asserted that the President will visit Russia next year.

The elections in GREECE have resulted in a decided surprise. Instead of their expected substantial majority, the Government obtained scarcely one-third of the seats, the Opposition triumphing nearly everywhere except in Athens and the Province of Attica. Such a crushing defeat naturally entails M. Tricoupis' resignation, and the return to power of the Opposition leader, M. Delyannis, whose warlike sentiments of late do not augur well for a peaceful Hellenic policy under his guidance. Still M. Tricoupis himself had adopted a much more bellicose tone recently, as if in view of the elections, for, at a demonstration of the Government party in Athens, the Premier spoke of Greece being ready to take up the fight and carry out her Pan-Hellenic obligations. During his four years of office, M. Tricoupis has restored Greek finance to a high position, but the heavy taxes thus necessitated, and the popular eagerness for more active policy, seem to have brought about his fall, to say nothing of the ecclesiastical quarrel with TURKEY. This difficulty continues acute, the Ecumenical Patriarch being obstinate and the churches closed. So, too, with the Armenian troubles, especially now that the Constantinople authorities arrest Armenians wholesale on suspicion of revolutionary designs, and have fallen into sore disgrace for seizing an American subject. Moreover, ten Armenians have been condemned to death for high treason. The very causes which embroil Turkey with Greece, enabled Prince Ferdinand of BULGARIA to speak enthusiastically of his Suzerain at the opening of the Sultane, and to point out that the Sultan desired to see Bulgaria advance on the path of development and progress. The whole speech was in a triumphant vein, for the Prince stated how, during his recent foreign

trip, he had been assured of warm sympathy for Bulgarian autonomy and liberty, "which convinced him that the day of victory for the just cause of the Principality was not far off."

The scheme of native assistance to Imperial defence in INDIA works excellently so far. Whilst visiting Patiala, to invest the Maharajah with full powers, the Viceroy made an enthusiastic speech on the system, stating that 6,400 native cavalry and 7,000 infantry were now under training, all well disciplined, thoroughly equipped, and fit to take their place beside the Imperial troops. The essence of the scheme was that there should be no compulsion, and only those States should be selected which were not merely willing, but anxious, to take part in defending the Empire in the hour of need. Respecting military affairs, the Black Mountain Expedition has started under Brigadier-General Sir J. M'Queen, but expects no opposition, while in BURMA the force at Fort White

Now that the first burst of Protectionist exultation has cooled down in the UNITED STATES, the famous M'Kinley Tariff Bill meets with unsparing criticism. Apart from the popular discontent with the consequent advanced prices, traders complain that the tariff is most inconsistently framed, while, to crown all, one section passed by Congress was omitted from the Bill signed by the President. This flaw renders the whole invalid, so argue many opponents, and though the Secretary of the Treasury declares that he will enforce the law as he finds it, the dispute will probably be taken to the Law Courts. Manufacturers, by the by, have suffered severely from a tremendous fire at Mobile, Alabama, which broke out in a cotton factory, and at one time threatened to consume the whole business portion of the city. The Irish Famine Fund are working hard to secure sympathy and money before the advent of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien—now daily expected at New York—but public interest turns more to the eternal theme of the Fisheries question with CANADA, now that negotiations will be resumed on the return of Sir Julian Pauncefote to Washington. The British Minister will again urge Mr. Blaine to consent to arbitration, and to the merits of the case being investigated by a mixed commission of experts. Pending an agreement, he will propose that no pelagic sealing should take place in Behring Sea and the neighbourhood during the migration of the fur seals in May, June, October, November, and December, and that sealers should not advance within ten miles of the breeding islands. Further, Sir Julian states that NEWFOUNDLAND desires reciprocal relations with the United States, so that Sir R. Bond will present a scheme to Mr. Blaine, whose opinions he ascertained during their recent meeting. Indeed, the relations with the American Government are stirring the Dominion on every side, for whilst numerous orators descant on the effect of the M'Kinley Bill on Canadian trade, Mr. Erastus Wiman, when entertaining at Niagara Falls two hundred members of the Iron and Steel Congress, enlarged upon the importance of reciprocal relations between the two countries. He pointed to Canada's vast mineral and agricultural resources, which find their most natural market in the United States. The Comte de Paris has been well received in Canada, but many Republican sympathisers hoisted flags half-mast high during his stay at Montreal. Great efforts are being made for the commutation of Birchall's sentence, and Mrs. Birchall will present a number of petitions to Sir John Thompson next week. The convict still protests his innocence, while a letter has now been received purporting to come from the real murderer.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The peace of SWITZERLAND is decidedly troubled. Not only is Ticino again disturbed, requiring fresh troops, but electoral differences have caused serious riots in Fribourg.—The States-General in HOLLAND met on Tuesday to decide whether a Regency was necessary. The Home Minister advocated such a course strongly, after describing the King's incapacity.—In AUSTRIA ex-Prince Alexander of Bulgaria will take active military service, being appointed an Infantry Colonel instead of his former honorary rank. This step, so most people think, implies his final renunciation of any political rôle.—The end of the strike seems near in AUSTRALIA, although a small proportion of unions still hold out. But the miners, the seamen, and several other trades have resumed work.—NEW SOUTH WALES is giving a great "send-off" to Lord Carrington, the outgoing Governor, who leaves to-day (Saturday).—In PERSIA Sir H. D. Wolff is recovering from his dangerous illness.



THE Queen's life in the Highlands this year is much less secluded than usual. Private theatricals have again been given at Balmoral, and on two evenings at the end of last week Her Majesty entertained large parties of guests to witness the performance, in which Princess Beatrice and several members of the Royal household took part. On Saturday the Dean of Windsor arrived and dined with the Queen, Viscount Cranbrook joining the party, and next morning the Rev. W. Tulloch officiated at Divine Service before Her Majesty and Prince and Princess Henry. Later Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice called on Lady Biddulph at Aberfeldie Mains, and in the evening Viscount Cranbrook, the Dean of Windsor, and the Rev. W. Tulloch dined with the Royal party. The Court will return to Windsor on the 22nd inst.

The Prince of Wales returned to town from the Continent at the end of last week, and was joined shortly afterwards by the Princess from Sandringham. On Saturday the Prince witnessed the marriage of Lady Louise Beauclerk and Mr. Gerald Loder, going afterwards to the wedding breakfast at the Duke and Duchess of St. Albans' residence. In the evening he accompanied the Princess and the Duke and Duchess of Fife to the Adelphi Theatre. Next morning, the Prince and Princess attended Divine Service, while later the Duchess of Fife lunched with her parents. On Monday the Prince and Princess left town for Wynyard Park, Stockton-on-Tees, to stay with Lord and Lady Londonderry, being warmly welcomed at Thorpe Thewles Station by their host and a large crowd. A numerous party of guests assembled at the Park to meet the Royal visitors, and shooting occupied each day, with dinner-parties in the evening. To-day (Saturday) the Prince and Princess visit Seaham Harbour to see Lord Londonderry's collieries and review the local Volunteers, afterwards returning to town. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale joined the party on Thursday, after having spent a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Holford at Tetbury, and opened the new Liverpool Infirmary on Wednesday.

The Duchess of Edinburgh has been to Stuttgart on a short visit and is now entertaining her brother and sister-in-law, the Grand Duke and Duchess Vladimir of Russia, at Coburg.—The Duke of Connaught on Sunday joined in the celebration of Count Von Moltke's birthday, while on Monday he attended the anniversary commemoration of the capitulation of Metz to his late father-in-law, Prince Frederic Charles. After representing the Queen at Princess Victoria of Prussia's marriage, he will return to England on the 26th inst., and on December 8th will present the prizes to his Volunteer Corps, the London Irish Rifles.

NOTABLE NEW BOOKS

THE present century is often reproached as one in which chivalry and true courtesy have been killed by the bustle and hurry of modern life, and yet an age which has produced such a figure as that of Sir Stafford Northcote cannot be wholly bad. But though such men may still exist in England, it is much to be feared that their presence in Parliament will grow rarer and rarer, for the conditions under which a seat in the House of Commons must now be won are such as to make men of high honour shy of asking the suffrages of the electorate. For this very reason the "Life, Letters and Diaries of Sir Stafford Northcote, First Earl of Iddesleigh," by Andrew Lang (William Blackwood and Sons), will be eagerly read not only by those who are concerned in politics, but also by the general public, who will find in it the record of a blameless life, and of a Statesman beloved alike by friend and opponent. Mr. Lang has not written one of those personal biographies in which the author and his subject are ingeniously blended, and made to bask in the light of one another's glory. Sir Stafford Northcote is allowed to speak for himself by means of his diaries and letters, Mr. Lang supplying the narrative connecting Sir Stafford's writings. The first Lord Iddesleigh was born on October 27th, 1818, and after being educated at Eton and Balliol, finally entered Parliament in 1855. Although connected with several Commissions, and notably with the Alabama Commission, it was in the House of Commons that the greater part of his life's work was accomplished. For thirty years, from 1855 to 1885, with the exception of a year's interval after the North Devon Election, in 1857, Sir Stafford Northcote was constant in his attendance in the House of Commons, where he earned a reputation as Chancellor of the Exchequer second only to that of Mr. Gladstone, who had the great advantage of years of prosperity, whereas Sir Stafford was unfortunate enough to have to deal with a period of falling trade. But it is rather as a man than as a Statesman that Lord Iddesleigh will be remembered. Without any overpowering genius or commanding personality, almost without ambition, save that of doing his duty honourably to his country and himself, he became one of the foremost men in England by the purity of his character, the integrity of his honour, and the courteous chivalry of his manner. Mr. Lang has done well to let so noble a gentleman speak, as far as possible, for himself. If this biography will not take the highest rank in its class of literature, it is nevertheless one that must be studied by every historian of the nineteenth century, and one that will be read wherever the English language is spoken, and wherever the Mother of Parliaments is held in honour.

All those who read the official account of the Expedition for the Relief of Emin Pasha must have wondered how it was that the rear column was left to perform a well-nigh impossible task, with the most worthless natives of the force, and dependent on the caprice of a rascally slave-dealer. If the "Life of Edmund Musgrave Barttelot," by Walter George Barttelot (Richard Bentley and Son), does not throw much light on the cause of this state of things, it does most certainly give rise to some unpleasant reflections on the conduct of the Expedition. It is a miserable thing to wrangle over the body of a murdered man, and that man a young soldier of such exceeding pluck and promise; but though poor Major Barttelot cannot speak for himself, there are those living whose mouths are not closed, and what public opinion will demand the truth of, is the account given on page 96 of the relations between Mr. Stanley and his officers even before the camp at Yambuya was reached. Lieut. Stairs and Mr. Jephson survived the Expedition, and they can say whether or no Mr. Stanley ordered the Zanzibaris to tie them to trees if they gave any more orders, and told Stairs that if he only raised a finger the Zanzibaris would rush upon him, and crush him, or club him to death. Perhaps the most astounding document in the whole book is Mr. Stanley's letter to Sir Walter Barttelot, in Appendix I., to tell the father of the death of his gallant son. The fault of the book, though it is a natural one, is the bitter tone in which the comments are written. The diaries and letters would have lost nothing of their force by the absence of speculations on Mr. Stanley's ulterior motives in rescuing Emin Pasha. It is plain that Major Barttelot did his duty in the most trying circumstances, and the only point of interest now is—did Mr. Stanley treat his officers in the manner described in Major Barttelot's diaries and letters?

in the manner described in Major Barttelot's diaries and letters? A very notable autobiography is "My Life," by T. Sidney Cooper, R.A. (Richard Bentley and Son), for, luckily, the two volumes are written in no such ungracious spirit as that which inspires the preface. In general, an autobiography is more amusing if less critical than a biography, and Mr. Cooper's book is no exception to the rule. Indeed, it would be hard if a great artist, who was born in 1803, who remembers the Jubilee of George III., and the Jubilee of her present Majesty, and who has exhibited on the walls of the Royal Academy from 1832 to 1890, without missing a single year, had nothing of importance to tell the present generation. The autobiography exhibits a view, as Mr. Boswell would say, of Art and artists for something like three-quarters of a century, and contains the inevitable letter from Mr. Gladstone.

century, and contains the inevitable letter on Mr. Gounod.

Another autobiography, dealing with the doings of the musical world, is "The Light of Other Days," by Willert Beale (Richard Bentley and Son). Mr. Beale is an *impresario* who has managed the public appearances of almost every musician and singer of any note during the past half-century or so, and his two volumes of reminiscences are written with an ease and spirit worthy of his subject. The anecdotes and stories of such celebrities as Mario, Grisi, Patti, Thalberg, Balfé, Sims Reeves, and many another, are capital, and lose nothing in the telling. His account of Mario and Grisi is especially interesting, and will be read with keen appreciation by those fortunate enough to have heard these great artists. Mr. Beale's "Light of Other Days" will beguile many a long evening in the coming winter.

LONDON MORTALITY continues high. Last week the deaths numbered 1,649 against 1,741 during the previous seven days, being a decrease of 92, but 11 above the average, while the death-rate was 19·5 per 1,000. Fatalities from diseases of the respiratory organs increase steadily, and rose to 417 from 340, being 24 above the usual return. Diphtheria is decreasing, however, 23 fatal cases being recorded—a decline of 18. There were 55 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 18), 70 from measles (an advance of 11, and 33 above the average), 29 from scarlet-fever (an increase of 9), 28 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 2), 15 from enteric fever (a decline of 6), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever (a fall of 1). Different forms of violence caused 50 deaths, including two suicides and a murder. There were 2,512 births registered—an advance of 100, yet 250 below the average.

Is IRELAND DISTRESSED OR PROSPEROUS? A TOUR WITH PEN, PENCIL, AND CAMERA IN SEARCH OF TRUTH.—So much controversy has arisen with regard to the prospects of distress in Ireland during the coming winter, that it is difficult for the impartial reader to judge whether Ireland is really likely to suffer the horrors of want, or whether such gloomy forebodings are exaggerated for party purposes. With the object of laying before their readers the exact truth of the situation in Ireland, the proprietors of *The Daily Graphic* have asked Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., to undertake a tour through the affected districts, and to write a series of letters giving the result of his investigations. Mr. Russell will be accompanied by the well-known artist, Mr. Staniland, R.I., who will take a camera and send sketches and photographs, so that a true picture of the situation will be afforded by pen, pencil, and camera, and the public will be enabled to form their own judgment.

NOVEMBER 1, 1890

THE GRAPHIC

wear his, I cannot tarry here. I will go seek out my friend Cudlip at the Hare and Hounds. I shall not be late, but I want to hear news. There is a wind that the Duke of Monmouth has set sail from the Lowlands. The militia have been called out and the trainbands gathered. Come, Urith, do not look so grave. Brighten up with some of the humours of the maid who sang of winter on Trinity Monday. It cannot be summer-time all the year—why, neither can it be winter."

Then he swung out of the house trolling:—

So let not this pair be despised;
That man is but part of himself,
A man without woman's a beggar,
If he have the whole world full of wealth,
A man without woman's a beggar,
Tho' he of the world were possessed.
But a beggar that has a good woman,
With more than the world is he blessed.

CHAPTER XL.

"THIS FOR JULIAN."

URITH was left alone looking at the broken token. It did not bring to her the cynical consolation that her uncle intended it to convey. It was not even poor comfort, it was no sort of comfort whatever to learn that others had been unhappy in the same way as herself—that there had been discord between her father and mother. The broken token was to her a token of universal breakage—of broken trust, broken ambitions, broken words, broken hearts—but that all the world was in wreck was no relief to Urith, whose only world for which she cared was contained within the bounds of Willsorthy.

She had dreamed with reverence of her father; but Uncle Sol had shown her that this father had been false in heart to her mother. Her own story was that of her mother. Each had married one whose heart had been pre-engaged. After a little while, no doubt of sincere struggle, the heart swung back to its oldest allegiance. As Uriith sat in the hall window, looking out into the court, her eyes rested on the vane over the stables. Now that arrow pointed to the west! Sometimes it veered to other quarters, but the prevailing winds came from the Atlantic, and that vane, though for a few days it may have swerved to north or south, though for a whole month, nay—a whole spring it may have pointed east, as though nailed in that aspect, yet round it swung eventually, and for the rest of the year hardly deviated from west. So was it with the heart of Anthony; so had it been with the heart of her father. Each had had a first love; then there had come a sway towards another point, and eventually a swing round into the direction that had become habitual.

Fox's words at the dance in the house of the Cakes returned to her:—"You cannot root out old love with a word." With Anthony it had been old love. Since childhood he and Julian had known each other, and had looked on each other in the light of lovers. It was a love that had ramified in its roots throughout his heart and mind. It was with this love as with the coltsfoot in the fields. When once the weed was there, it was impossible to eradicate it; the spade that cut it, the pick that tore it up, the sickle that reaped it down, only multiplied it; every severed fibre became a fresh plant—every lopped head seeded on the ground and dispersed its grain. For a while a crop of barley or oats appeared, and the coltsfoot was lost in the upright growth; but the crop was cut and carried, and the coltsfoot remained.

Was this a justification for Anthony? Urith did not stay to inquire. She considered herself, her anguish of disappointment, her despair of the future—not him. With all the freshness and vehemence of youth, she had given herself wholly to Anthony. She had loved—cared for—no one before; and when she loved and cared for him it was with a completeness to which nothing lacked. Hers was a love infinite as the ocean, and now she found that his had been but a love in comparison with hers like a puddle that is dried up by the July sun.

She did not consider the matter with regard to Anthony's justification, only as affecting herself—as darkening her entire future. The coltsfoot must go on growing, and spread throughout the field. It could not be extirpated, only concealed for a while. She could never look into Anthony's face—never kiss him again, never endure a word of love from him any more, because of that hateful, hideous, ever-spreading, all-absorbing, only temporarily-coverable weed of first love for Julian. An indescribable horror of the future filled her—an inexpressible agony contracted her heart as with a cramp. She threw up her hands and clutched in the air at nothing; she gasped for breath as one drowning, but could inhale nothing contenting. Everything was gone from her with Anthony, not only everything that made life happy, but endurable. Down the stream belonging to the manor was a little mill, furnished with small grinding-stones, and a wheel that ever turned in the stream that shot over it. No miller lived at the mill. When rye, barley, or wheat had to be ground, some person from the house went down, set the mill, and poured in the grain. Night and day the wheel went round, and now in her brain was set up some such a mill—there was a whirl within, and a noise in her ears. The little manor-mill could be unset, so that, though the wheel turned, the stones did not grind unless needed; but to this inner mill in her head there was no relaxation. It would grind, grind as long as the stream of life ran—grind her heart, grind up her trust, her hopes, her love, her faith in God, her belief in men—grind up all that was gentle in her nature, till it ground all her nobler nature up in to an arid dust.

The day declined, and she was still looking at the broken token. The mill was grinding, and was turning out horrible thoughts of jealousy, it ground her love and poured forth hate, it ground up confidence and sent out suspicion. She sprang to her feet. Where was Anthony now? What was he doing all this while? He had been away a long time; with whom had he been tarrying?

The mill was grinding, and now, as she threw in the jealous thoughts, the hate, the suspicions it had just turned out, it ground them over again, and sent forth a wondrous series of fancies in a magic dust that filled her eyes and ears; in her eyes it made her see Anthony in Julian's society, in her ears it made her hear what they said to each other. The dust fell into her blood, and made it boil and rage; it fell on her brain, and there it caught fire and spluttered. She was as one mad in her agony—so mad that she caught at the stanchions of the window and strove to tear them out of the solid granite in which they were set, not that she desired to burst through the window, but that she must tear at and break something.

Why had Anthony marred her life, blistered her soul? She had started from girlhood in simplicity, prepared to be happy in a quiet way, rambling over the moors, in a desultory fashion attending to the farm and garden and the poultry yard. She would have been content, if left alone, never to have seen a man. Her years would have slipped away free from any great sorrow, without any great cares. Willsorthy contented her, where wants were few. She loved and was proud of the place; but Anthony, since he had been there had found fault with it, had undervalued it, laughed at it; had shown her how bleak it was, how ungenerous was the soil, how out of repair its buildings, how lacking in all advantages. Anthony had taught her to depreciate what she had highly esteemed. Why need he have done that?

The wheel and the grindstones were turning, and out ran the

bitter answer—because Willsorthy was *hers*, that was why he scorned it, why he saw in it only faults.

She paced the little hall, every now and then clasping her hands over her burning temples, pressing them in with all her force, as though by main strength to arrest the churn of those grindstones. Then she put them to her ears to shut out the sound of the revolving wheel.

On the mantelshelf was a brass pestle for crushing spices. She took it down. Into it were stuffed the old gloves of Julian Crymes. It was a characteristic trait of the conduct of the house; nothing was put where it ought to be, or might be expected to be. After these gloves had lain about, at one time in the window, at another on the settle, then upon the table, Urith had finally thrust them out of the way into the pestle, and there they had remained forgotten till now. In the train of her thoughts, Urith was led to the challenge of Julian, when she recalled where the gloves were, and these she now took from the place to which she had consigned them.

She unfolded them, and shook the dust from them. Then she stood with one foot on the hearthstone, her burning head resting against the granite upper stone of the fireplace, looking at the gloves. Had Julian made good her threat? Was she really, deliberately, with determinate malice, winding Anthony off Urith's hand on to her own? And if so—to what would this lead? How would she—Urith—be tortured between them. Every hair of her head was a nerve, and each suffering pain.

She lifted her brow from the granite, then dashed it back again, and felt no jar, so acute was the inner-suffering she endured. It were better that Anthony, or she—were dead. Such a condition of affairs as that of which the mill in her head ground out a picture, was worse than death. She could not endure it, she knew—she must go mad with the torment. Oh would! oh—would that Fox's fuse had been left to take its effect in the ear of Anthony's horse, and dash him to pieces against the rocks of the Walls!

She could no longer bear the confinement of the house. She gasped and her bosom laboured. She put the gloves between her teeth, and her hands again to her head, but her dark hair fell down about her shoulders. She did not heed it. Her mind was otherwise occupied. In a dim way she was aware of it, and her hands felt for her hair, how to bind it together and fasten it again, but her mind was elsewhere, and her fingers only dishevelled her hair the more.

The air of the room oppressed her; the walls contracted on her; the ceiling came down like lead upon her brain. She plucked the gloves out of her mouth and threw them on the table, then went forth.

The rain had ceased. Evening had set in, dark for June, because the twilight could not struggle through the dense vapours overhead.

"Where is Anthony? I must see Anthony?" Her words were so hoarse, so strange that they startled her. It is said that when one is possessed, the evil spirit in the man speaks out of him in a strange voice, utterly unlike that which is natural. It might be so now. The old demon in Urith that had gone to sleep was awaking, refreshed with slumber, to reassess his power.

Where was Anthony? What delayed his return? Had he on leaving Willsorthy gone direct to Julian to pour out into her sympathetic ear the story of his domestic troubles? Was he telling her of his wife's shortcomings?—of her temper?—her untidiness?—her waywardness? Were they jeering together in confidence at poor little moorland Willsorthy? Were they talking over the great mistake Anthony had made in taking Urith in the place of Julian? Were they laughing over that scene when Anthony led out Urith for the dance at the Cakes? She saw their hands meet, and their eyes—their eyes—as at the Cakes.

Then there issued from her breast a scream—a scream of unendurable pain; it came from her involuntarily; it was forced from her by the stress of agony within, but the voice was hoarse and inhuman. She was aware of it, and grasped her hair and thrust it into her mouth to gnaw at, and to stifle the cries of pain which might burst from her again.

She had descended the hill a little way when she thought she discerned a figure approaching, mounting the rough lane. It might be Anthony—it might be Solomon Gibbs. She was unprepared to meet either, so she slipped aside into the little chapel. The portion of wall by the door was fallen, making a gap, but further back grew a large sycamore, out of the floor of the sacred building, near the angle formed by the south and west walls. Behind this she retreated, and thence could see the person who ascended the path, unobserved.

She was startled when Fox Crymes stepped through the gap where had been the door. There was sufficient light for her to distinguish him, but he could not observe her, as the shadows thrown by the dense foliage of the sycamore from above, and the side shadows from the walls, made the corner where Urith stood thoroughly obscure.

She supposed at first that Fox had stopped there for a moment to shake out his wet cloak and readjust it; he did, in fact, rearrange the position of the mantle, but it was not so as more effectually to protect himself from rain as to leave his right arm free. Moreover, after that he had fitted his cloak to suit his pleasure, he did not resume his ascent of the lane to Willsorthy.

For a while Urith's thoughts were turned into a new channel. She wondered, in the first place, why Fox should come to Willsorthy at that hour; and next, why Fox, if Willsorthy should be his destination, halted where he was, without attempting to proceed.

His conduct also perplexed her. He seated himself on a stone and whistled low to himself through a broken tooth in front that he had—a whistle that was more of a hiss of defiance than a merry pipe. Then he took out his hunting-knife, and tried the point on his fingers. This did not perfectly satisfy him, and he whetted it on a piece of freestone moulding still in position, that formed a jamb of the old door, of which the arch and the other jamb were fallen.

This occupied Fox for some time, but not continuously, for every now and then he stood up, stole to the lane, and cautiously peered down it, never exposing himself so as to be observed by any person ascending the rough way.

The air was still, hardly any wind stirred, but what little there was came in sudden puffs that shook the foliage of the sycamore burdened with wet, and sent down a shower upon the floor. Urith could not feel the wind, and when it came it was as though a shudder went through the tree, and it tossed off the burden of water oppressing it, much as would a long-haired spaniel on emerging from a bath.

Bats were abroad. One swept up and down the old chapel, noiseless, till it came close to the ear, when the whirr of the wings was as that of the sails of a mill.

An uneasy peewhit was awake and awing, flitting and uttering its plaintive, desolate cry. It was not visible in the grey night-sky, and was still for a minute; then screamed over the ruins; then wheeled away, and called, as an echo from a distance, an answer to its own cry.

Fox stood forward again in the road, and strained his eyes down the lane; then stole a little way along it to where he could, or thought he could, see a longer stretch of it; then came back at a run, and stood snorting in the ruins once more. Again, soft and still, came on a comminuted rain—the very dust of rain—so fine and

so light that it took no direction, but floated on the air, and hardly fell. Fox turned to the sycamore tree. No shelter could be had beneath its water-burdened leaves, that gathered the moisture and shot it down on the ground. But he did not look at it as wanting its shelter. He stepped towards it, then drew back: exclaimed, "Ah! Anthony. Here's one for Urith," and struck his knife into the bole. The blade glanced through the bark, shearing off a long strip, that rolled over and fell to the ground attached to the tree at the bottom. "You took her and Willsorthy from me," said Fox, drawing back. Then he aimed another blow at the tree, cursing, "And here is for my eye!"

Urith started back: each blow seemed to be aimed at and to hit her, who was behind the tree. She felt each stroke as a sharp spasm in her heart.

Fox dragged at his knife, worked it up, down, till he had loosened it; then withdrew it. Then he laid his left hand, muffled in his cloak, against the sycamore trunk, and raised his knife again. "That is not enough," he whispered, and it was to Urith as though he breathed it into her ear. He struck savagely into the side of the tree, as though into a man, under the ribs, and said, "And this for Julian."

Before he could release his blade, Urith had stepped forth and had laid her hand on him.

"Answer me," she said: "What do you mean by those words, 'And this for Julian'?"

(To be continued)



THERE is no apparent reason why it should have required two authors to produce "Name and Fame," by A. S. Ewing-Lester and Adeline Sergeant (3 vols.: Bentley and Son). It is a clever novel, but certainly not beyond one-author power in respect of construction or of execution; and we incline to set down to the result of collaboration the excessive fertility of the plot in divergent branches. In short, there is a great deal too much of it; two or three of the branches might well be lopped off without being missed, and, indeed, with the much needed effect of enabling the reader to concentrate his interest upon what remained. Possibly the joint authors treated one another with too little of that unsparing severity which is equal to sympathy as a necessary element in literary fellow-workmanship. At any rate, they carry the spirit of indulgence to an extreme in the case of at least one of their personages, Mr. Sydney Campion, a singularly mean and disagreeable scoundrel, who tricks an innocent girl into a sham marriage and then casts her off, but is left at the close of his career, so far as "Name and Fame" is concerned, flourishing and happy. The sympathies of the ordinary reader will be monopolised by Sydney's sister, Lettice—and, perhaps, since she is a successful lady novelist—the envy of some of them also. It will only be exceptional hearts that will be touched by the troubles of her poet lover, Alan Walcott, who is far too submissive to circumstances, chiefly in the form of a drunken and vicious wife, to be of the stuff for a hero. The combined talent of the authors is chiefly shown in giving their story, or rather stories, more interest by their style of narration than any of them possess intrinsically.

"Sapphira," by Sarah Tytler (2 vols.: Ward and Downey), comprises the story of another lady who distinguished herself by writing novels—if the possession of so universal an accomplishment can be called a distinction. The lady novelist is rapidly, in fiction, taking what used to be the place of the conventional beauty. "Sapphira" is the novelist's mother, so named by Sarah Tytler by reason of her having tried to conceal her husband's suicide in order to get the amount of his life insurance from an office which, unluckily for her intended fraud, failed just before payment was due. Thenceforward, the story develops into an endeavour to build a story upon a situation which had really closed, and this is not very happily managed by means of exaggerated remorse, scruples, and panics, with a resulting impression that there has been much ado about nothing. There is certainly nothing entertaining, and much the reverse of profitable, in the study of consciences which do their penance at the expense of other people. On the whole, "Sapphira" is by no means up to the level to which its authoress has accustomed her readers.

Nor is "The Moment After: a Tale of the Unseen" (1 vol.: William Heinemann), by any means a good illustration of the genius of Robert Buchanan. It is the story of how an Atheist was converted to faith by being hanged. One Maurizio Modena, an eccentric marine-store dealer, having murdered his faithless wife, is tried and sentenced to death, and there would have been an end of it had not the bungling hangman twice failed, and the execution consequently been postponed pending a submission of the circumstances to the Home Office. But we are given to understand that there was an instant during which the murderer's soul actually left its body and spent seeming ages in the world beyond the grave; so that it returned convinced of the truth of what the good chaplain had preached in vain, and impressed with a passionate desire for the death which human mercy withholds. All this is told in a tawdry, spasmodic style, through which occasionally flashes a strong thought or a striking phrase; and faults of taste abound. It is not for Mr. Buchanan to speak of a judge, when sentencing criminals, as "using a shibboleth of religion in which he generally disbelieves"; and the pages of a work of fancy are not the place for a personal sneer, nine pages long, at the expense of an actual official of whom Mr. Buchanan evidently knows nothing whatever. These journalistic vulgarities bring into stronger relief the worse than bad taste which finds, in Modena's vision, nothing too sacred for making a theatrical effect. As we are concerned for the reputation of a great novelist, we hold that there are quite enough purveyors of claptrap without Mr. Buchanan's condescending to mingle with them.

"Emily Stretton; or, Did She Redeem It?" by an anonymous author (1 vol.: Eden, Remington, and Co.), is the old-fashioned title of a new discovery in the favourite art of bigamy. Of course we shall not reveal its nature, only warning the reader beforehand that he will not obtain much from this discreetly short novel beyond the satisfaction of curiosity. It may also be an interesting task to, decide whether a lady who deliberately sins because it suits her and does right as soon as it becomes more advantageous than wrong, is so noble a character as we are asked to consider Mrs. Stretton. The novel contains one moderately amusing character of an elderly lady with a taste for capricious patronage; but, on the whole, the portraiture is too thin for the novel to be regarded as more than expanded anecdote.

Boys of most ages ought to delight in "Snap: a Legend of the Lone Mountain," by C. Phillips-Wolley (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.). It is the story of three lads who went to seek their fortunes in the great North-West, and who met with a surprising number of blood-curdling adventures of more than one of which Jules Verne himself might have been proud. It is to be hoped, however, that nobody will be tempted to try a cattle ranche in the expectation that his days will be diversified by experiences like those of Snap, Frank, and Towzer. If so, we fear that sad disappointment is in store for him. But for anybody who wishes to enjoy the life at second hand, no better deputies could be found than those provided by Mr. Phillips-Wolley.



ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—Six performances are being given weekly at Covent Garden, a pressure which is already beginning to tell upon the performers, and has caused the temporary postponement of both *Mefistofele* and *Orfeo*. We last week referred to the opening representations. On Thursday, as *La Gioconda* was not ready, *Trovatore* was substituted, with the Sisters Ravagli and Signor Giannini. A fresh and well-deserved success was gained by Mdlle. Giulia Ravagli, whose excellent singing and powerful acting in the rôle of Azucena were generally admired. Her sister Sofia was less happy in the part of Leonora, for which her voice is hardly of sufficient power. On Friday *Lucia* was given before a small audience. The tremulous style of Señor Suane is unsuited to the music of Edgar of Ravenswood, but Mdlle. Stromfeld gained much success for her brilliant rendering of the music of the heroine. Meyerbeer's *Roberto* was revived on Saturday for the first time these nine years. There was a good deal to admire in the performance, in which, however, there were several serious blemishes. The orchestra and chorus, for example, needed much further rehearsal, and some better arrangement might have been attempted of the once celebrated scene of the resuscitation of the nuns. Moreover Mr. Manners, who has played the part in English in the provinces, was hardly strong enough as vocalist or actor to sustain the difficult character of Bertram at the Royal Italian Opera. On the other hand, Signor Perotti was heard at his best in the music of Roberto; Mdlle. Stromfeld sang the brilliant music of the Princess acceptably, Señor Guetary was a satisfactory Rambald, and Madame Fanny Moody, although not endowed with sufficient power for the more dramatic scenes, was a graceful representative of Alice.

On Monday Miss M'Intyre, fresh from operatic triumphs in Berlin, made her *entrée* as Marguerite in *Faust*, a rôle which she has already played at the Royal Italian Opera under Mr. Harris's management. Miss M'Intyre was in excellent voice, and, apart from a tendency to over-emphasis in the church scene, she showed great improvement as an actress. Señor Suane was again the *Faust*, in place of Signor Giannini, who was ill, and the cast was otherwise not a very strong one.

On Tuesday the *Huguenots* was repeated, the revival of *La Gioconda* being again postponed until the following evening, while Thursday was set apart for the first appearance of Madame Albani since the summer season of 1889. She was to have sung in *Mefistofele*, but in order to allow further time to rehearse Boito's opera, *La Traviata* was substituted.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—Raff's second violin concerto was heard for the first time at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. It dates from thirteen years ago, and was the 26th work of a composer who wrote far too much for his fame. The concerto is comparatively simple in character, so that the audience could follow it without exceptional difficulty. It is supposed to illustrate three stanzas of a poem by Börner, depicting first the troubles of life, secondly the comfort of Hope, and thirdly the joys and pleasure which remain after forgetfulness of past sorrows. The first and last movements contain some brilliant work for the soloist, and were capably played by M. Sauret; although the best-appreciated section of the work was a melodic adagio, based upon two charming and well-contrasted subjects. Another novelty was a Romance from an orchestral suite in C minor, by Mr. C. H. Couderay, several of whose works have already been performed at these concerts. The suite in all consists of six movements, apparently of a somewhat extraordinary character, if we may judge from the fact that the fourth movement is an intermezzo for brass instruments and organ only. The Romance is the second movement of the suite, and it comes between a fugue and a scherzo. It was well received by the Crystal Palace audience, who recalled the composer. In the course of the concert a remarkably fine performance was given of Schumann's symphony in E flat, popularly known as the "Rhenish."

POPULAR CONCERTS.—The Saturday Popular Concert season began last Saturday, when a programme of favourite works drew a very large audience. The principal attraction was the first appearance at these concerts of M. Paderewski, who gave a daringly original reading of Beethoven's sonata in F minor, Op. 57, popularly known as the "Appassionata," the last movement of which, at the hands of the Polish pianist, was decidedly the most effective. For an *encore*, he played an arrangement of the march from Beethoven's *Ruins of Athens*. M. Paderewski likewise took part in Brahms' noble piano-forte quartet in A, Op. 26, showing unusual moderation of style in concerted music.—On Monday the programme opened with the "Razoumowsky" quartet in C, the most popular of the three, and it closed with Schubert's beautiful piano-forte trio in B flat, in which M. Paderewski was associated with Lady Hallé and Signor Piatti. The Polish pianist played no sonata, selecting instead, Haydn's theme and variations in F minor, and Chopin's scherzo in C sharp minor, Op. 39. He excited a good deal of enthusiasm, which was hardly allayed until he came forward and played Chopin's valse in A flat for an *encore*.

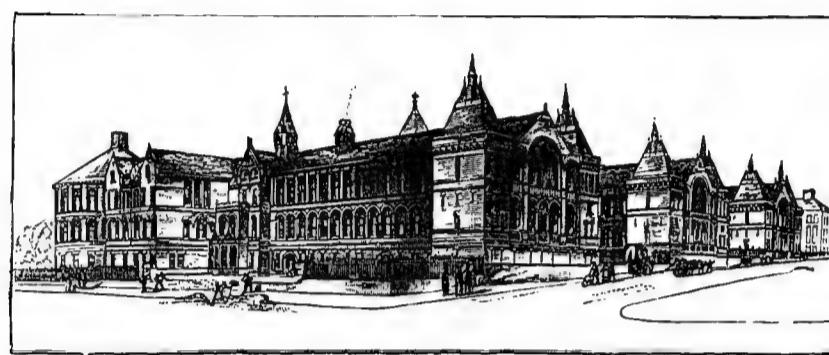
CONCERTS (VARIOUS).—A youthful Belgian pianist, Brah van den Berg, who is a lad of about fourteen, made his *début* at a recital on Monday. The newcomer is no juvenile "prodigy," while necessarily he has not yet the intellectual power of an artist of maturity. He is, however, a clever performer, his most successful efforts being in Beethoven's Sonata quasi Fantasia in E flat, and in some lighter pieces. Chopin is at present beyond him.—At the first of Madame Essipoff's recitals at Steinway Hall the popular pianist gave a powerful and even masculine rendering of Beethoven's "Funeral March" sonata, and also of Brahms' Variations on a theme of Handel, the fugue in which she omitted. Her scheme likewise included pieces by Chopin and her husband, Leschetitzky. —On the same day Madame Berthe Marx, the able pianist, who is associated with Señor Sarasate in his Chamber Concerts, gave a recital with a mixed programme, including Schubert's "Wanderer" Fantasia, and other works.—The Meistersingers also gave their first concert on Thursday, a capital orchestral programme comprising Grieg's "Peer Gynt" Suite, Gade's fourth symphony, and Max Bruch's first violin concerto. The last was played by Mdlle. Reynault, who, although almost young enough to be a "prodigy," is really a highly promising performer.—Mr. Jan Van Mulder, the Dutch violoncellist, gave a concert at Steinway Hall on Tuesday, when also Mr. Cappey delivered an interesting lecture upon the development of military bands, from the trombone and horn music of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries down to the present time.—Madame Essipoff gave her second recital on Wednesday, and concerts have also been announced by the Shinner Quartet and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—It is reported that among the candidates for the Professorship at Edinburgh University, vacant by the resignation of Sir Herbert Oakeley, are Dr. Mackenzie, Mr. Henry Gadsby, and Mr. Corder.—Mr. Lloyd will in all probability return

to the United States next May in order to open the new concert hall built in that city.—Sir Charles and Lady Hallé and Mr. and Mrs. Henschel are both about to start provincial recital tours.—A musical festival is this week being held at Cheltenham. The chief works announced are the *Creation*, Dvorák's *Stabat Mater*, and Bridge's *Repentance of Nineveh*.—The Bristol Festival closed on Saturday. Some very good performances were given in the course of the week, the largest audience, of 2,097 persons, being attracted by *The Golden Legend*, and the smallest, of 1,133, for Dr. Parry's *Judith*.—Mr. Valentine Smith's Company propose to revive Balfe's *Blanche de Nevers*, which it is said has not been heard since 1864. The libretto was based by John Brougham on the drama *The Duke's Motto*.

THE NEW ROYAL INFIRMARY, LIVERPOOL

THE Duke of Clarence and Avondale visited Liverpool on Wednesday last to open the new buildings of this infirmary. They were begun in October, 1887, and have been erected at a cost of £105,000, provided entirely by voluntary subscriptions. The site covers the greater part of the space between Pembroke Place, Dover Street, Ashton Street, and Brownlow Street. Facing Pembroke Place is the Administrative Block, from the south of which a wide corridor leads to another running east and west, communicating with the wards, which are six in number, three on either side of the main corridor, and contain 290 beds. The wards of the first floor are for females, those of the second for males. There are besides smaller wards for paying patients and for sick nurses, lecture and operating theatres, a chapel, laundry, and mortuary, and a large recreation-hall, besides the necessary accommodation for officers, doctors, and nurses. The Out Patients' Department is between the



THE NEW ROYAL INFIRMARY AT LIVERPOOL

Administrative Block and the main building, and at the end of this department are the Dispensary and Drug Stores. The building is constructed of the local grey brick, with dressings of red Ruabon terra cotta, the roofs are covered with Westmoreland slates, and the



MR. W. MITCHELL BANKS, F.R.C.S.
Senior Physician

floors are of oak blocks laid in concrete. The drainage-system has been constructed under the supervision of Mr. Rogers Field, C.E., in conjunction with the architect, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, R.A., and the heating arrangements, by means of steam, are most complete. The contractors were Messrs. Holme and Green. Our other engraving (from a photograph by A. J. Melhuish, 58, Pall Mall, S.W.) is a portrait of Mr. W. Mitchell Banks, F.R.C.S., a distinguished local practitioner and the Senior Surgeon of the Infirmary. He has taken an immense amount of pains over the perfection of its sanitary arrangements, which, owing to the excellent advice given by him and his colleague, Dr. Davidson, are said to be without a rival in this country.



THE TURF.—Newmarket has certainly been fortunate in the weather of its Autumn Meetings, and the Houghton Meeting last week was no exception to the rule. Next to the Cambridgeshire, the most interesting race of the week was the third of Mr. Rose's £1,000 Plates, in which Sheen set the seal on his fame by defeating, with considerable ease, General Byrne's champion three-year-old, Amphon. St. Serf won the Free Handicap Sweepstakes for the Duke of Portland, Bumptious and Retribution ran a dead heat in the Cheveley Stakes, Haute Saone won the All-Aged Stakes, and Corstorphine secured the Dewhurst Plate for Lord Rosebery. Lord Durham has challenged for the "Whip," at present held by the Duke of Beaufort, and names Circassian as his champion.

FOOTBALL.—Saturday's football, unpleasant as it was owing to the wet, was uncommonly interesting for several reasons. For one thing, it gave the lie to the rumours which said that Mr. A. E. Stoddart and Mr. P. M. Walters, the famous Rugby and Association "internationals" respectively, had ceased to play; for "P. M." assisted the Old Carthusians to inflict a crushing defeat on the City Ramblers in the Association Cup Competition; while "A. E.'s" help did not prevent Blackheath from suffering defeat at the hands of Bradford, though they subsequently defeated Manchester. Richmond succumbed to Liverpool, Cambridge beat Middlesex Wanderers, and Oxford defeated Sandhurst. Associationwise, we may note the defeat in the Cup Competition of Old Etonians by London Caledonians; the simultaneous reverses incurred by Everton and Preston North End in League matches at the feet of West Bromwich Albion and Blackburn Rovers respectively; and the victory of Stoke over the Casuals. We regret to have record several serious accidents, mostly in the neighbourhood of Sheffield. The "blades" must be more careful, or they will earn a bad reputation for roughness.

TROTTING is looking up. There was a capital meeting at Alexandra Park on Monday, and "record" was beaten for this country when in the Championship Race Mr. McPhee's Colonel Wood trotted a mile in 2 min. 25 sec.

BILLIARDS.—Although McNeil made one superb break of 472 (his best up to the present), he suffered defeat from Peall in their spot-barred match at the Aquarium last week. The winner is now playing Dawson, a young North-countryman with a great local reputation. In the handicap at the Windsor, Mitchell and McNeil both won their first three games.

MISCELLANEOUS.—H. Curtis, of the Highgate Harriers, won the Thirty Miles Amateur Walking Race at Tufnell Park on Saturday. The second-class cricket counties are of opinion that at the end of each season a match on a neutral ground between the lowest first-class and highest second-class county should decide whether the latter should be promoted or not.—A National Amateur Rowing Association has been formed. *Prosit*.—The Cyclists now have a social club all to themselves at Queen Anne's Gate.

THEATRES

Mr. Mayer has opened his season of French plays at the ST. JAMES'S with that diverting but somewhat boisterous three-act farce by MM. Sardou and Najac, *Divorçons*, in which Madame Chaumont once more enacts her original part of Cyprienne. Someone has stigmatised *Divorçons* as an immoral piece; but this, if we take a broad view of its tendencies, it certainly is not. The story of the married lady who, fancying herself ill-matched, longs for the passing of the famous Divorce Bill, but, when a prospect of indulging her whims presents itself, discovers in her husband very excellent qualities, conveys, on the contrary, a wholesome lesson, while it satirises more than one not uncommon human failing. The real objection to the play is not the theme itself, but the rather free, and at times not too delicate mode in which the authors have chosen to develop it. Madame Chaumont's highly-coloured method, it must be confessed, does not tend to soften down this fault. But *Divorçons* is, after all, a piece rich in comic ideas worked out with a sort of riotous enjoyment of the fun, which is exhilarating in the highest degree. Something of the freshness of the actress's style has perhaps departed; but she is still unapproachable in characters of this kind. Mr. Mayer's troupe, though it belongs, speaking generally, to the class which the fastidious are apt to dismiss as "scratch companies," is sufficiently competent, Mr. Jaeger's Prunelles and Mr. Hurtaux's Adhémar being specially noteworthy. *Divorçons* will hold the bill for a few nights and will also be given at a morning performance to-day.

The performances for the benefit of the Balaclava Light Brigade Fund, at the EMPIRE Theatre, on Monday, were somewhat desultory and ill-managed, but there was no lack—rather was there a superabundance—of volunteer talent. The spectacle of the poor broken-down heroes, whose fate has been so strangely overlooked, while we have been reciting with feelings of patriotic pride Lord Tennyson's stirring poem, was rather painful. From this, however, must be excepted Mr. Pennington, who is a Balaclava hero and a capable actor to boot.

Mr. Walter Frith, son of the Royal Academician, has completed a play entitled *Flight*, which will shortly be produced at a London theatre. Meanwhile, it is noted as of good omen that that experienced caterer for the public, Mr. Palmer, of New York, has purchased the American rights in Mr. Frith's piece.

There has been little of importance in the way of novelty at our theatres of late, but this evening the AVENUE, which has been temporarily closed, will be reopened by Mr. Alexander with a new and original piece by Mr. Carton, entitled *Sunlight and Shadow*, and on Monday Mr. Beerbohm Tree will give the first sample of his projected special Mondays at the HAYMARKET by producing Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's *Beau Austin*.

The performance of *A Village Priest* at the HAYMARKET are now drawing to a close. On Monday week this play will give way to a revival of *Called Back*, in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree will sustain his original character.

Mr. George Paget gave at the GLOBE Theatre on Wednesday afternoon a special representation of *The Black Rover*, to which the entire dramatic profession were invited.

COUNT VON MOLTKE is an enthusiastic musician, and in former years played the violoncello remarkably well. He delights in quiet musical evenings at home, where Dr. Joachim is frequent guest, among other famous artists. Von Moltke lies on the sofa, whilst his visitors play, and alternately smokes and takes snuff from a favourite old box, which he holds in his hand with a large red silk pocket-handkerchief. The players grow tired before the listener, so Von Moltke's nephew and constant companion, Major Von Moltke, gives a hint, and somebody plays Schumann's "Evening Song." The Marshal at once rises, says good night, and breaks up the party.

THE SEASON ON THE RIVIERA is just opening, and the various towns are making grand preparations for their guests. Thus Nice has built a pier, or "jetée-promenade," opposite the Public Garden, and will run coaches to Cannes. Races will be held at the end of December, while King Carnival arrives on January 31st to inaugurate the festivities, which include the customary Battles of Flowers, kermesses, processions of maskers and allegorical cars, a White Corso and confetti contests, balls, &c., lasting until February 10th (Shrove Tuesday). Visitors to the Riviera will appreciate the new railway works now proceeding, such as the second line of rails between Nice, Monaco, and Mentone, which will prevent the present frequent delays. These improvements, however, are not for the sake of the winter swallows, but mainly for defensive purposes, as recent military experiments showed that an inimical force landing on the coast could easily seize the railway and prevent all relief to Nice and Cannes. Moreover, as the line from Marseilles to the Italian frontier now runs close to the sea, it is open to fire from a hostile fleet. So the French Government are constructing an inland line from Nice, joining the railway from Lyons and Grenoble at Meyrargues—a station about twenty miles north of Marseilles.

THE GRAPHIC

THE READER

WE are so accustomed nowadays to looking upon Russia as our only possible rival in India, that it is difficult to realise that less than one hundred and fifty years ago the French position in Hindostan was infinitely stronger than our own, and that, not long before the Queen's grandfather came to the throne, the King of France seemed the appointed heir of the Mughal Emperors. All this is very clearly brought out in the new volume of the "Rulers of India Series," "Dupleix," by Colonel G. B. Malleson, C.S.I. (Clarendon Press), where the story of the French in India is told with more detail than is possible in an ordinary history. But though France was so successful in the East during the last century, it was by no means the first nation to open up trade with India; for, as the Abbé Guyon wrote, it was the immense riches drawn by the Portuguese, the English, and the Dutch from the East Indies, which invited the French to follow them into those remote and unknown countries. The first French expedition, in 1615, got no further than Madagascar, and it was not until 1667 that Caron reached Surat and established there the first French factory in India. One hundred years from the date of the first landing saw the rise and fall of the French power in the East, and the ignominious deaths of Dupleix and Lally Tollendal. Pondicherry was founded in 1674. Martin, the first Governor, was strictly neutral in his dealings with the natives, and this policy was maintained by his successors until 1735, when Dumas was appointed Governor. Dumas inaugurated the system carried out with such success by Dupleix, and came into collision with the Mahrattas, on one occasion buying them off with forty bottles of cordial. In 1741, M. Dupleix became Director-General of the French possessions in India, and at once began to check the public expenditure, and to overhaul the fortifications. Unfortunately for himself, Dupleix, though a great civil administrator, was no soldier, and consequently all through his career his ambitious schemes were thwarted either by squabbles with brilliant men like La Bourdonnais, or by the absolute incompetence of his naval and military commanders. The English, though in every other respect in an infinitely worse position than the French, were fortunate in having such military geniuses as Major Stringer Lawrence and Robert Clive, who were able to make ten men do the work of a hundred, and so in some measure redressed the balance. But to Dupleix is due the credit of being the first to dare to play more than a trader's part, and to defeat the picked troops of the native princes in a pitched battle. It was the Battle of St. Thomé which entirely changed the position of the European traders and the native princes. It gave the Europeans confidence in their own powers; it made the natives see that an alliance with the traders was a thing to be sought for, and revealed to Dupleix that the overlordship of Southern India was within his grasp, the only decisive stroke remaining to be delivered being the expulsion of the English from Fort St. David. But the incapacity of the French generals and the genius of Major Stringer Lawrence brought about a defeat before Fort St. George, and before long Pondicherry itself was being besieged by the English fleet and army. However, the siege was ineffectual, and in 1749 the news of the signing of the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle left the two nations in exactly the same position as they had been in five years before, except that Dupleix had gained an enormous accession of prestige and reputation. It was at this period that both the English and the French began to act as mercenaries of the rival native princes, and so to carry on the war which was nominally ended; but they did so with very different ends in view. The great idea of Dupleix was the founding of a French Empire in India, and the increase of political influence and power, while with the English the leading motive was extension and expansion of commerce. The policy of Dupleix triumphed for the time; he brought all Southern India under his influence, and in 1751 the French were at the height of their glory and power. There seemed to be no one who could prevent the development of his schemes, for the silent and haughty youth in Fort St. George had then given no sign of his marvellous ability. In 1751 Dupleix was at the zenith of his power, and yet in three years' time his vast schemes had collapsed, and he was a disgraced and ruined man. The cause of this was the military superiority of the English, for Dupleix was their master in knowledge of native character, influence over the natives, and powers of combination. But Dupleix was not a general, and his lieutenants—Law, Astruc, and Brennier—were constantly out-generalled and out-maneuvred by Lawrence and Clive. The tide began to turn with the heroic defence of Arcot, and, with the defeat before Trichinopoly, at the end of 1753,

the French preponderance in Southern India came to an end. In the following year Dupleix was succeeded by M. Godeheu, who at once announced that it was not his intention to interfere in the affairs of native princes. Ten years later Dupleix died in want, neglected by the Government and deserted by the people, having sacrificed his fortune to build up an empire for France in the East. For seven years he had pressed his claims, supporting them by incontestable proof, but he received no compensation and no redress, and died in utter destitution on November 10th, 1764. It was an excellent idea to let Dupleix appear in the "Rulers of India" Series as a principal actor in the drama, and not merely as an incidental character in the history of Robert Clive; and Colonel Malleson, who has a great admiration for his hero, has written a most vivid and life-like sketch of the great French Proconsul. It is

and, further north, of the Shetland Isles, contains much that is of real interest and value.

A book-lover's grievance has been removed by the issue of Mr. Augustine Birrell's "Obiter Dicta," Second Series, uniform in size and style with the First Series. It was exasperating to have the pleasant flippancy of Mr. Augustine Birrell in two odd volumes, but it is to be feared that reparation has come too late for many people. As this is the third edition which Mr. Elliot Stock has published, there is no more to be said on the subject, except that the little volume is a most charming one, and that Mr. Birrell's lively pages will quite repay a second perusal.

The old dramatists are, as a rule, much more talked about than read, but Messrs. Vizetelly and Co. are determined to remove all excuse for ignorance in the future by publishing the best plays of the old dramatists in the "Mermaid Series."

The present volume contains the works of Thomas Middleton, and includes "The Roaring Girl," published in 1611; "The Witch," interesting from its resemblance to the witch scenes in *Macbeth*; "A Fair Quarrel," first published in 1617; "The Mayor of Queenborough," supposed to be one of Middleton's earliest works; and "The Widow," which is assigned by Mr. Bullen to 1608-9. A portrait of Mary Frith, the "Roaring Girl," forms a frontispiece to the volume, and has been copied from a woodcut printed on the title-page to the 1611 edition of "The Roaring Girl." In it, Moll is represented dressed in men's clothes, holding a sword in her left hand, and smoking a long pipe. Although they would hardly do for the stage nowadays, these old plays are very interesting. They quicken the dry bones of history for us, and show us our ancestors as they lived and talked. The book is printed in good clear type, and a glossary is given of all obsolete and archaic words.

Photography being emphatically the craze of the day, everything connected with it is eagerly canvassed, and the number of handbooks on the different processes has become something portentous. "Photogravure," by W. T. Wilkinson (Iliffe and Son), is an excellent little treatise on one of the most artistic of the many methods of reproducing a photograph. Mr. Wilkinson lays down very clearly the six stages of the production of a photogravure print, and then in the subsequent chapters proceeds to elaborate and explain the working of the process. A charmingly soft and artistic photogravure is given as a frontispiece, but this method of printing is one that is hardly likely to find favour with many amateurs, owing to the delicacy of the process. There is nothing that the amateur so cordially detests as the printing of his own negatives, and it is probable that, if he wants to immortalise them by photogravure, he will, as of old, have recourse to the aid of a professional. But should he wish to translate his pictures into the delicate photographic monochrome known as photogravure, he cannot do better than entrust himself to Mr. W. T. Wilkinson's guidance.

All rowing-men, whether Old Westminsters or not, will welcome "Rowing at Westminster" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited). This record, which is extracted from the School Water-ledgers, covers the years from 1813 to 1883, and gives the early history of many oars afterwards famous at the Universities. The first entry in the College Ledger gives the names of the King's Scholars' crew of 1813-1814, who rowed in a six-oar boat called the *Fly*, and the first challenge to row against Eton appears to have been accepted in 1819-20; but the authorities forbade the match, and it was not until July 27th, 1829, that the first race with Eton was rowed. The course was from Putney, through Hammersmith Old Bridge, and back to Putney Bridge. The race was rowed against the tide at low water, and Eton won by above a quarter of a mile. Rowing was always carried on with some difficulty at West-

minster, and in 1868 the completion of the Embankment, and getting boats, put an end to going on the water until 1871, when leave was obtained for the boys to go on the water from a boat-house nearly opposite Hurlingham. This lasted until 1884, when, as the last entry in the book says, "In 1884 the alteration of hours introduced by the new head master caused the total discontinuance of boating." There is something terribly scathing in the baldness of this announcement. Most men would prefer the accusation of having shot a fox in the shires to having such an entry placed against their names. The book is a most absorbing one, and has some capital etchings of old Thames scenes, but a few more appendices and summaries would increase its value. For example, it would take a long time to find out that up to 1883 fourteen Old Westminsters had rowed for Oxford and eleven for Cambridge, if it was necessary to trust to this book alone. "Rowing at Westminster" only needs a little summarising to make it perfect.



AN AMATEUR MODEL

BY PERMISSION OF THE BERLIN PHOTO CO.

an excellent addition to the Series, and fills a decided gap in the history of India.

The quaint old manners and customs of the North of Scotland, which are rapidly being improved out of existence, have luckily found many chroniclers of late years. "Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland," by John Sinclair (Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.), is an attempt to embody some of the characteristics of those parts of the Highlands which are remote from the track of the ordinary tourist. The word-pictures of scenery are not remarkable, but some of the stories and accounts of queer characters are very amusing. The illustrations are good, especially the three curious coloured portraits of three old men, who were well known for their eccentricities in Thurso some fifty years ago. Mr. Sinclair is by no means guiltless of lapses into the feebly jocose style which is so irritating to the reader, and he will do well to avoid this pitfall in any other series of sketches he may intend to publish. Otherwise his account of the Island of Lewis, the Caithness Coast, and Thurso,



"A DANCING LESSON"

FROM THE PICTURE BY C. MACIVER GRIERSON, EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTE

Antarctic Exploration by the Australian Colonies

BY CLEMENTS R. MARKHAM, C.B., F.R.S., F.S.A.

II.

IT is now forty-seven years since Sir James Ross returned from his successful expedition—nearly half a century; and during all that time nothing worthy of mention has been done towards Antarctic exploration. The Southern Polar region is still almost a virgin field for discovery. If we throw a retrospective glance over the whole story of Antarctic enterprise, we shall find that nearly all the discoveries are confined to a fringe of islands near the Antarctic Circle, and generally on the outer side of that circle. Moreover, the greater number of these lands have only been seen from a distance. Some may have been clouds. A landing has been actually effected on scarcely any. As regards penetration to any distance southwards from the Antarctic Circle, only three navigators deserve mention, namely, Cook, Weddell, and Ross. Cook reached a latitude of 71 deg. 15 min. S.; Weddell got to 74 deg. 18 min. S.; Ross on his first voyage penetrated to 77 deg. 56 min. S., and on his second to 78 deg. 9 min. S. No other explorers have ever got as far as the seventieth parallel.

Thus, a vast tract of land and ocean remains to be discovered. Sir James Ross expressed a confident opinion that the South Polar Seas, even when encumbered with pack ice, could be penetrated to a great distance by a sailing-ship. He expected that the ocean which separates Victoria Land from the Balleny and other islands under the Antarctic Circle would soon be the frequent resort of whaling-ships, especially as he saw a great many whales whenever he came near the pack-edge, and chiefly of a very large size. This, however, has not been the case. The fishing-grounds discovered by Ross still remain unvisited. It would seem that expeditions of discovery are indispensable as pioneers. It was so in the Arctic Regions. The Davis Straits' whalers never attempted to pass Melville Bay and enter the north water at the head of Baffin's Bay until Sir John Ross led the way in 1818. They never entered Burrow's Strait or Regent's Inlet until Sir Edward Parry showed them the road in 1820 and 1824. In like manner, it will be necessary for an Australian Antarctic Expedition to act as a pioneer to the whale fishery discovered by Sir James Ross in the Far South in 1841.

Such would be one of the material commercial advantages of a voyage of discovery towards the South Pole. The higher scientific results of such a voyage are even more certain of attainment. Dr. Neumeyer has truly said that "the importance of scientific observations inside the South Polar Circle is evident to all who have any knowledge of the phenomena on the surface of the earth." The series of magnetic observations is still very incomplete. The South Magnetic Pole has not yet been reached. The investigation of currents, of deep-sea soundings and temperatures, and of prevailing winds within the unknown area, is necessary in the interests of meteorological science, as well as a precise knowledge of the distribution of land and sea. Victoria Land is known to be a great centre of volcanic disturbance, and the existence of tracts of columnar basalt is also ascertained, while fossil wood has been found in Kerguelen Island. But these scanty facts only point to the urgent necessity for further and more complete investigations into Antarctic geology. Without such researches, conducted on an extended scale, a comprehensive knowledge of the early history of our planet is impossible. Ross discovered that the Antarctic seas teem with animal life. Sir Joseph Hooker has opened to us the first few pages of the otherwise closed book of Antarctic botany. In every branch of science the investigations of physicists and naturalists within the Antarctic Circle will be of the utmost value, and alone justify the dispatch of a series of well-equipped expeditions, year after year, until the great work is achieved. The complete cessation of these useful and valuable enterprises for nearly half-a-century is as surprising as it is deplorable. There has been no lack of enterprise during all that time. So long as Great Britain and her Colonies form an Imperial confederation there never will be any lack of enterprise. Arctic research has been pushed forward during the interval with such success that the issues are considerably narrowed, and the goal is much more nearly within reach. The unknown parts of the earth have been explored in many other directions. Still, if we venture to put the question "Quae regio in terris nostris non plena laboris?" the answer is obvious enough, THE ANTARCTIC REGIONS.

The three voyages of Sir James Ross have given us a general idea of the physical conditions of the question, and have furnished some facts for the guidance of any future Expedition. It is ascertained that immense numbers of icebergs of enormous size are annually detached from the great barrier. Some are grounded, while the rest, with the pack ice, are drifted northwards by the south-east winds which prevail during the summer. The ice harvest is partly broken up and dissipated in the warmer seas, and is partly pushed back by the north-west winds of autumn. In the Atlantic, during the summer, the ice reaches as far north as 40-deg. S., while in the Pacific it does not get beyond 52 deg. S.; its progress northward on the Pacific meridians being checked by the South Shetlands and Graham's Land. The drift ice is in greatest quantity in March and April. During the summer the ice, spreading as it drifts north, is loosely packed; and when once passed there is open water in the wide space over which the ice and bergs have drifted in their passage north from the great barrier. This open water may be explored for vast distances, and most important discoveries will be the results.

Antarctic research has long attracted attention from the scientific men of Europe. Dr. Neumeyer for years advocated a German Expedition, studying the subject with enthusiastic interest; and Baron Nordenskiöld, the discoverer of the North-East Passage, has long been a steady supporter of a policy of exploration in that direction. The colonies of Australia are nearest to this field of research. They have long been habituated to the promotion of expeditions of discovery by land. Under their fostering care great additions have already been made to geographical knowledge. Their leading men are fully capable of appreciating the commercial as well as the scientific value of geographical enterprise. The portals of the Antarctic regions are nearer to their own coasts than to any other civilised country. It is, therefore, in the nature of things that Antarctic discovery should, sooner or later, be undertaken by the people of Australia.

The time now seems to have arrived. In 1886 the question was first raised by Baron von Mueller in his inaugural address to the Victorian Branch of the Geographical Society of Australia. Following up the suggestion of this eminent botanist, the representative men of science in Melbourne addressed the Government of Victoria on the subject in October, 1886, and their views were favourably considered. It was of course desirable that preliminary inquiries should be made regarding the objects, the equipment, and the expense of the proposed enterprise. An able memorandum on the objects to be served by Antarctic research was prepared by an Antarctic Expedition Committee appointed by the Royal Society of Victoria and the Geographical Society of Australasia. On the receipt of this memorandum the Government of Victoria communicated with the Governments of the other Australian Colonies, and it was resolved that the Colonies should contribute 5,000/- towards the expenses of an

Expedition, if the Government of the Mother Country would grant another 5,000/- from the Imperial Exchequer. The proposal, in this form, was transmitted to Sir Graham Berry, the Agent-General of the Colony of Victoria in London, who took energetic steps with a view to furthering the wishes of his Government.

Scientific bodies in England gave cordial support to their Australian colleagues. The British Association appointed an Antarctic Committee in 1886, and again in 1887. The Councils of the Royal Society and of the Royal Geographical Society addressed letters to the Colonial Office expressing their appreciation of the importance of the proposed enterprise, and their hope that the wishes of the Australian Colonies would be complied with. The Colonial Office fully concurred. But obstacles were raised by the Treasury. In a letter to the Colonial Office, dated January 3rd, 1888, the Lords of the Treasury refused the insignificant grant of 5,000/- which was asked for by the Australian Colonies in furtherance of this great national object.

In consequence of this lamentable decision the plan was allowed to drop for a time, but only for a time. It has now been revived by Captain Crawford Pasco, R.N., and other influential members of the Australasian Geographical Society. There have been communications with Baron Nordenskiöld, who is prepared to organise the scheme of operations, and Baron Oscar Dickson, the munificent promoter of polar exploration in Sweden, has promised a contribution of 5,000/-. The rest will be provided in Australia, and there now seems to be every prospect of a small, though efficient, Antarctic expedition being equipped and despatched before very long. Under these circumstances the Imperial Government can scarcely persevere in its refusal to give any aid or countenance to a national enterprise set on foot by the Australian Colonies; and we would urge upon the councils of our learned societies the importance of again approaching the Secretary of State for the Colonies with a view to inducing him once more to take action in the matter.

The valuable results to be derived from Antarctic discovery were well set forth in the Memorandum prepared by the learned societies of Australia in 1887, and a very interesting paper was read on the same subject at Melbourne on the 27th of last August by Mr. G. S. Griffiths, F.R.G.S. The results of an Expedition would be two-fold. In the first place a direct return would be offered by opening up new fields for commercial enterprise. In the second place, additions would be made to the stock of human knowledge. It is urged that, while the present whale-fishing grounds are nearly exhausted, there is reason to believe that an abundantly stocked fishery exists within ten days' sail of Australia, only awaiting the advent of suitable steamers to yield rich returns. Cook, Ross, and McCormick are quoted to show the abundance of whales and seals near the pack edge, within the Antarctic Circle.

Turning to scientific results, it is pointed out that the unknown southern region is 8,000,000 square miles in extent, and that it would, indeed, be strange if it should fail to yield novel and valuable data to scientific investigators. Our present knowledge is extremely limited. A few coast-lines have been seen from a distance, and marked on the chart, between 45 deg. and 180 deg. E., and between 45 deg. and 75 deg. W., and Ross discovered Victoria Land, twice landing on islets off the coast. Further observations of sea currents with their temperatures are needed, with a view to ascertaining the existence of open water or of passages leading towards the Pole. Other investigations are suggested by the researches and speculations of Mr. Croll.

Many interesting geological problems present themselves for solution. Among others the structure of the cones of the volcanic mountains "Erebus" and "Terror" may be modified superficially by the intercalation of layers of frozen snow between the strata composed of ejected matter.

Again, their position at the end of a line of weak earthcrust, which, starting near Behring's Straits, passes through New Zealand, renders it a matter of importance that their recent condition should be known; as it might be such as would confirm or confute the existence of a seismic connection with the latter island, which is now speculatively inferred.

The discovery of fossils in any Antarctic formations would be an event of peculiar interest. The South Polar regions may have had secular climatic changes as great as those which have been experienced by the North Polar.

If such have occurred—if South Polar lands now ice-bound were once as prolific of life as Disco and Spitzbergen are now known to have been—then, like Spitzbergen and Disco, they may still retain organic evidences of the fact in the shape of fossil-bearing beds, and to find these would be to discover the key to the past history of the southern hemisphere.

The climatology of this region requires further investigation. The permanent existence of extreme conditions over an area so immense and situated so near to Australasia must re-act powerfully upon that climate.

The weather recorded in the highest southern latitudes yet attained was marked by calms, blue skies, clear atmosphere, and a limited range of temperature concurring in a degree which contrasts favourably with the climate of the Arctic, and which surprised Ross and his companions.

The position of the South Magnetic Pole ought to be again determined in order to ascertain whether any change of location has occurred since Ross's time.

It is desirable that pendulum observations should be taken at points situated round and as near as possible to the Pole, in order to enable physicists to calculate the form of that part of the earth's figure.

The phenomena of Auroras present a wide and important field for research; extended observations such as have recently been made in the north ought to be repeated in the southern hemisphere, but to be effective it is indispensable that they should be conducted in very high latitudes. Recently, some advance has been made in our knowledge of their nature. They are found to change their character and the position of their maximums of intensity, periodically—some phases occurring daily, others with the seasons; and in addition to these changes an eleven-year cycle of greatest intensity has been deduced.

Speaking generally, it is desirable that more precise knowledge respecting the physical conditions of the South Polar regions should be obtained, especially with reference to terrestrial magnetism and volcanic seismic agencies, and still more particularly to the meteorological conditions of the several zones to the south of the fiftieth degree of latitude.

The sum proposed in the first instance is certainly a small one, although it is understood that Baron Nordenskiöld considers 10,000/- or 15,000/- to be sufficient for a first essay. It is believed that such a sum will suffice to equip an expedition, which would be able, if efficiently and judiciously commanded, to achieve a great deal of useful exploring work in one season. A mere reconnaissance of the edge of the southern ice would be insufficient. Many such reconnaissances have already been made. Any expedition should strike directly south, as Ross did, and with a well-found steamer more might be done than was possible with Ross's old-fashioned sailing vessels. The warm currents flowing southwards along the eastern coasts of Africa and South America seem to indicate the meridians on which the explorers should shape their southerly course.

The success of the first expedition will be sure to lead to a second more efficient expedition on a more extended scale; by which discoveries of great importance will be secured, and considerable additions made to the sum of human knowledge. It is a patriotic under-

taking, and we therefore heartily wish all possible success to the bold-spirited men who are promoting it, both in the Australian Colonies and at home.



FRANZ HALS

UNTIL some fair examples of his work were exhibited a few years ago at the Royal Academy the name of Franz Hals was almost unknown in England. He was, however, an artist of great power and originality; he exercised considerable influence on the seventeenth century school of Dutch portraiture, but he seems to have derived little or nothing from the example of any of his predecessors. His works are distinguished by strength rather than refinement. But though he apparently had no appreciation of physical beauty, and never aimed at grace of gesture, he had a most penetrating perception of individual character, and an extraordinary power of infusing vitality into his figures. At a very early period of his career he acquired a great amount of technical accomplishment. He was an uncertain, but sometimes an admirable, colourist, and a masterly executant. His best pictures are painted in admirable style, without any obtrusive bravura, but with a breadth and expressive firmness of touch that could scarcely be surpassed. Like some other Dutch painters of his time, however, Hals was of a jovial temperament, and led a somewhat tempestuous life. To this fact may be attributed his occasional coarseness, and the curious inequalities to be seen in some of his works. There is, however, little doubt that several portraits by his younger brother, Dirk Hals, and some of his other disciples have been wrongly ascribed to him.

The "Portrait of a Lady" belonging to the valuable La Caze collection, now in the Louvre—of which a faithful reproduction appears in the present number—is of unquestionable authenticity, and has some of the best qualities of his art. There are admirable portraits by him in the Galleries of Berlin, Dresden, and the Hague; but it is only at Haarlem, where he passed the greater part of his long life, that Hals can be rightly estimated. In the Town Hall of that City there are no less than eight large Guild—or, as they are sometimes called—Regent pictures by him, and a few smaller works. In date of production they range over half-a-century, and one of them, representing the governors and lady-managers of a hospital for old people, was painted when he was eighty years of age. Unlike this, the Assembly of the Officers of Arquebusiers of St. Andrew, and the Banquet of the same Corps—each containing fourteen life-sized portraits—belong to his best period, and, excepting those by Rembrandt, are the finest Dutch Guild pictures in existence. The figures in both of them are diversified in character, and every one of them is lifelike and spontaneous in gesture. These and two or three of the other pictures are remarkable moreover for their skilful disposition and glowing harmony of colour; and though painted with extraordinary realistic force, they are in perfect keeping. A large portrait group by Van der Helst, though a good example of his work, hanging at the end of the hall, suffers much by comparison with them.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH PASTELLISTS

THE third exhibition of pastel drawings at the Grosvenor Gallery has been organised by a Society recently formed by some of the most able of the numerous English artists who have adopted the method. Like its predecessors, it is of a thoroughly cosmopolitan character, and includes many highly interesting examples of Continental Art. The English drawings are of higher average merit than those that appeared here last year; but while some of our artists show a right understanding of the limitations as well as of the capabilities of pastel, others have apparently chiefly aimed at making their works look like oil pictures. Mr. Ellis Roberts's graceful and dignified full-length of "Mrs. Robert Holford," though showing a great deal of artistic ability, has none of the distinguishing qualities that properly belong to pastel. On the other hand, Mr. J. J. Shannon's life-like and expressive portrait of a man in his shirt-sleeves is executed with combined freedom and firmness, and without any undue elaboration conveys a satisfactory sense of completeness. Mr. Albert Moore has a charming little "Girl's Head," and Mr. E. J. Gregory a life-sized half-length of a gracefully-posed and very animated lady, showing his customary refinement of style and mastery of technique.

None among the English landscape painters is seen to more advantage than Mr. J. Aumonier. His view "On a Common" is a remarkably good work, as suggestive of atmosphere and bright daylight, and almost as delicate in its gradations of tone, as any of his water-colour pictures. Similar good qualities are to be seen in Mr. A. D. Peppercorn's large Corot-like landscape on the opposite wall, and in a well-composed pastoral scene, "A Sheepfold—Evening," evidently inspired by the example of Millet, by Mr. G. Clausen. Of many drawings by Mr. H. Muhrman, all marked by subdued harmony of colour and breadth of style, a small sylvan scene, "A Bosquet," strikes us as the best. Beside this hangs a small picture by Mr. Ernest Sichel, representing "A Child's Funeral in the Highlands," excellent in composition and colour, and showing distinct individuality of style. That Mr. Sichel is a versatile as well as a very original artist, is seen in several refreshingly unconventional little portraits, and in a full-toned and effective study of "A Library."

The drawing which Mr. H. S. Tuke calls "Leander," is a good out-door study of a well-proportioned, but very coarse-featured and commonplace Englishman. The attitude, however, is well chosen, and the figure designed with a great deal of skill and knowledge. Among the few other nude studies, Mr. St. George Hare's "Captive"—a dusky Oriental girl chained to a rock—is especially noteworthy for its sound draughtsmanship and fine modelling of form. It is very much the best work we have seen by him. The very clever Polish artist, Mdlle. Anna Bilinska, has a good study of a gracefully-posed undraped maiden, but it is not pure pastel, being drawn over a substratum of solid pigment. The small drawing of a little girl in black, with a wreath in her hands and a deeply pathetic expression on her face, called "Le Deuil," is a more characteristic and better example of her work. Of many life-like portraits by Mr. Hubert Vos, the half-length of "Mrs. Lebègue" is in some respects the best. They all show keen insight into character and strength of style, but some of them are unnecessarily monotonous in colour, and executed in a hard, unsympathetic manner. Among the most noteworthy of the other life-sized works are a study of a French peasant drinking, full of character, and drawn with unerring certainty of line, by J. F. Raffaelli; a portrait of herself, with palette and brushes in her hands and a penetrating expression on her face, by Mrs. Louise Jopling; a finely-composed group, "Mother and Child," by Miss Florence Small, and a very faithful and expressive half-length of "Mdlle. Bartet," of the Comédie Française, by the well-known French pastelliste, M. Blanche. Two small studies of Mr. Gladstone—one representing him writing at a table, and the other seated in an easy chair, reading a book—sketched at Hawarden on the 3rd of September, by Mr. McLure Hamilton, have great artistic merit as well as personal interest. Both are excellent likenesses, and show a happy faculty of rapidly seizing transient phrases of expression and gesture.

THE GRAPHIC

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THE HAMPSTEAD MURDER.—After a magisterial examination on Monday, a coroner's jury on Tuesday heard a mass of evidence bearing on the death of Mrs. Hogg, aged thirty-one, a married woman, living at 141, Prince of Wales's Road, Kentish Town, who was found in Crossroad, South Hampstead, on Friday night with her throat cut and her skull fractured. She had gone out on Friday afternoon with a perambulator, in which was her infant daughter, eighteen months old, who was found dead in the Finchley Road, to all appearance having been suffocated. The jury, without deliberating for more than a few seconds, returned a verdict of wilful murder against Mary Eleanor Wheeler, of 2, Priory Street, Kentish Town, aged twenty-four, who, though an unmarried woman, was known as Mrs. Pearcey, the name of a man who had formerly lived with her. The evidence connecting her with the murder was very strong. In the rooms which she occupied blood was found on several articles, among them two carving-knives. The walls of the kitchen were bespattered, and a rug much stained, with blood, and stains of it were found on a skirt and apron, recently washed, and belonging to the prisoner. A Cardigan jacket found on the face of the murdered woman was identified by the man Pearcey as one which he had left at Mrs. Pearcey's years before. A female witness was positive that she had seen the prisoner wheeling away, after six last Friday, from the direction of Priory Street, a heavily-laden perambulator; Mrs. Hogg's was found in Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, on Friday night. The prisoner, after a denial, admitted on the Saturday morning to a sister of Mrs. Hogg that the latter had called on her about five o'clock on the Friday. Hogg, the husband, confessed in his evidence that he had been intimate with Mrs. Pearcey, and that, though she and his wife were well acquainted, he had concealed from Mrs. Hogg the fact of his visits to the prisoner. The sister and niece of the deceased said that the married life of the Higgs was not a happy one, and the former that Mrs. Hogg was suspicious of Mrs. Pearcey, who had once given her a strange invitation to accompany her to Southend to look over an empty house. A suggestive conversation was reported by Pearcey as having passed between him and the prisoner whom he spoke to at the gate of her house on the day before the murder, when, on his asking her why the blinds were down, she said that her brother was dead, and that the funeral was to be on Tuesday; all attempts to verify this story have failed. In summing up, the Coroner said that if the jury regarded the evidence as incriminating Mrs. Pearcey, it was for them to consider whether as a motive for getting rid of Mrs. Hogg and her child, the prisoner might not have regarded them as obstacles in her way to union with Mr. Hogg.

MR. DUNCAN, of the *Matrimonial News*, and the famous breach

of promise case, stated during the proceedings in his bankruptcy, more than once referred to in this column, that the proceeds of the sale of his property, since the verdict, amounting to £6,402, had been paid away to a Miss Gordon and another lady who had claims on him. He is now being criminally prosecuted for fraud, and on Monday he made disclosures which led to the discovery of the £6,402, in notes, gold, and jewellery, in a safe marked "Mary Gordon," among those of the National Safe Deposit Company, Queen Victoria Street. On Wednesday, he was brought up at Bow Street, on remand, and was committed for trial, the Magistrate consenting to take bail in £1,000.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Queen's Bench Division decided that Mr. Conybeare, M.P., lost his seat on the London School Board by being convicted in Ireland of taking part in a criminal conspiracy, in consequence of which conviction, and after he had unsuccessfully appealed against it, he suffered three months' imprisonment.—A verdict of Manslaughter was returned by the jury in the case of William J. Lyons, who, it will be remembered, was charged at the Central Criminal Court with the wilful murder of Quarter-master-Sergeant Stewart at Plumstead. Mr. Justice Stephen sentenced him to seven years' penal servitude.—A magisterial decision, after several remands, has been given in the case of Angelo Castioni, a sculptor, long resident in Chelsea, who was charged at Bow Street with the murder of Councillor Rossi at Bellinzona during the recent insurrectionary movement in the Canton of Ticino, and whose extradition is demanded by the Swiss Government. The evidence of an eye-witness was adduced to prove that the prisoner fired the shot which killed Rossi. It was contended for the defence that the act was purely a political one, for which Castioni could not be extradited. Mr. Lushington thought otherwise, and committed the prisoner.—One of those rare cases in which the plaintiff in an action for breach of promise belongs to the male sex has been tried in the Sheriff's Court at Glasgow. The plaintiff, a drapery warehouseman, was awarded £1 instead of the £600 which he claimed, as having suffered greatly in his feelings and prospects. The Sheriff remarked that the only injury done to his prospects by the conduct of the fair defendant was his possible loss of some money to which he thought she might succeed.—An erroneous impression is abroad that the order to enforce the muzzling of dogs has been rescinded or relaxed in the metropolitan area. On the contrary, it is being enforced as strictly as ever, and summonses are being daily taken out against persons infringing it. The penalties at present imposed by police magistrates generally range from 2s. to 5s., according to circumstances, but one of 20s. may be imposed.

A NEW PORTRAIT OF PRINCE BISMARCK, by Herr Lenbach, is being exhibited in Berlin, showing the Prince as a country squire, no longer as a public official. The Prince wears his usual Friedrichsruh costume—a black frock coat buttoned up nearly to the throat, with only a scrap of white necktie peeping above, and a gray shooting-cap. He looks straight out of the picture, his eyes seeming to pierce the spectator.



THE WHEAT HARVEST of 1890 has recently been reviewed by Sir John Lawes in a more than usually exhaustive and interesting letter. It is a true pleasure to see how the venerable baronet comes up to the mark year after year with a closely-reasoned and excellently-composed report, and it is exceedingly interesting to note how, with the typical faith of the scientific enthusiast, he manages year by year to reconcile figures and results which, without the gloss of the scholiast, would often appear absolutely irreconcileable or flatly contradictory. Last year, the results of the Rothamsted experiments being averaged, warranted Sir John in the conclusion that the wheat yield of 1889 was much below the mean; this year the same experiments justify a belief in a crop six bushels above the mean.

SIR JOHN LAWES, in publishing these figures, tells us with all frankness that he does not believe for a moment that any such excess has been realised throughout the entire country; on the contrary, he reckons the yield for the United Kingdom at not more than one and a-half bushels over an average of thirty bushels. The discrepancy is thus accounted for:—"It can hardly be doubted that although the season has produced many poor crops, it has also produced many heavy ones, and that the yield per acre of the country at large will turn out to be over an average. Owing, however, to deficient plant in some cases (a drawback not occurring at Rothamsted), and in others to subsequent damage (greater than that experienced at Rothamsted), it obviously cannot be taken as nearly equal either to that of 1863, of 1868, or of 1854."

THESE FIGURES and others contained in the report appear, even when every possible discount is allowed, to put the wheat crop of 1890 at a yield superior to that of any season since 1868, a result which not one person in a thousand believes to have been attained. As we have pointed out in previous years, the Rothamsted experiments are of the highest value and of the highest interest, but they do not admit of being averaged. There are no premisses really justifying the unmanured area of English wheat-land being put at just one-sixth of the whole, or of the richly-dunged wheat-land being put at another sixth. The Rothamsted experiments and Sir John Lawes's harvest estimates are each of importance, but they should be considered separately. The empiricism of the estimates absolutely diminishes the importance of the experiments when the former appear merely to lead up to the latter.

LIVE STOCK continue to do well, and, on account of the mild weather, prices for store stock have recovered, so that, had it not been for the heavy imports from Canada, the wintering stock would probably have been put in at as high a price as last autumn.



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Prime heifers, in the dead-meat market, are now making 7s. 9d. to 8s. per stone; steers, 7s. to 7s. 9d. per stone; small pork fetches up to 6s. 6d.; while large fat pork, still the favourite food of the agricultural labourer, is to be had as low as 4s. 6d. per stone. Small sheep make 8d. per lb. in the wholesale market; lambs, 7d. to 8½d., according to the age and quality. At Carlisle (Head Hempton) fair farmers grumbled a good deal at not getting more than 15/- for the best wintering beasts, but prices could not be called absolutely unremunerative.

HARPALIUMS are not flowers for which our readers must apply to their own gardeners. We have even asked a leading seed supplying company for clumps, and met with no reply. For the harpalium is a beautiful perennial sunflower, which, once established in a garden, can be extended in cultivation as much as desired, with a minimum of expenditure on gardeners' labour, and with no annual item of seed. It is best obtained from the cottage gardens of Hampshire and the southern counties, where large clumps are frequently met with. Cottagers will part with a handsome clump for a mere trifling sum, and this, put into fairly good soil any time between now and Easter, will produce flowers in August, and continue producing them for many seasons. The harpalium, however, requires rather better soil than the sunflower.

A POULTRY FARM requiring a quarter of a million of money to work it is projected, and we understand that subscriptions are already being received. A certain amount of caution now is generally held to be requisite before succeeding on the Stock Exchange in mining, or on the Turf, but we believe, from past records, that a man might succeed in all these ventures, and still be a failure as a poultry farmer. Success though may have been achieved in each of these three ways, but we cannot call to mind a single poultry farm managed on a big scale by a company which has ended otherwise than in failure. The limits of success in poultry farming appear to be the limit of individual attention on the part of the breeder and farmer; and, apart from this, poultry seem to do best of all as an adjunct to general farming. The statement that the Duchess of Ely and Lady Gwydyr are making some thousands a year by poultry farming has been the round of the Press. It is founded on some extraordinary misconceptions which as yet we have been unable to trace.

TURNIPS form such an important crop in Scotland that it is very satisfactory to hear of the yield in North Britain this season being fair in all counties, and in some excellent. In certain cases the development of the bulb was checked by mildew in September, but the area thus affected is small in comparison with that over which the crop has yielded really well.

POTATOES in North Britain vary a great deal, but the fears expressed in August have happily fallen far short of realisation. The fine and dry September checked the progress of fungoid maladies and practically saved an imperilled crop. Early in the season good fields were sold at low prices through panic, but there has been a great rally in opinion since Michaelmas. The Champion and Magnum Bonum varieties have done especially well this year. A brisk export trade from the West of Scotland to Ireland is regarded as probable.

SCOTCH CHEESE is growing in favour. The so-called "Cheddar" cheeses which took the chief prizes at the London Dairy Show were made in Wigton and Galloway. Scotch Cheddars are now making 50s. to 62s. per cwt., and Dunlops 48s. to 60s. per cwt., and the demand coming from England is decidedly encouraging to the Northern farmer.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The National Dog Show is fixed for November 29th and four following days. The exhibition will take place at Birmingham.—The Birmingham Cattle Show will be coincident with the canine gathering.—The Tredegar Cattle and Poultry Show is fixed for November 25th and 26th.—Among the curiosities of rural architecture must surely be included the portable towers which are now being offered for sale for erection in country parks and other places where a touch of "the feudal" is held to add to the respectability of the property.—The first prize for malting barley at the Brewers' Exhibition has been won by Mr. J. Akers, of Goring, Berkshire. The Kinver Chevalier was the variety of barley grown.—The Board of Agriculture during October have "denounced" seven regions as infected with contagious diseases affecting stock, and have declared nineteen regions previously affected now free from infection. This shows a decided net improvement on the month.—On October 19th a woodcock was seen flying along the Chelsea Embankment. Fieldfares also have arrived early this season, a sign, so an elder generation would have assured us, of a severe winter.

LONDON IN 1616 AND 1890

THE very interesting view of Old London, which we publish, is reduced from a reproduction by "The London Topographical Society," of the celebrated etching by C. J. Visscher, dated 1616. Though not one of the earliest representations of our great City, it is perhaps the most trustworthy and pictorial of all those executed before Hollar's engraving.

In many respects it is a more interesting work than Hollar's, because, amongst other things, it represents London Bridge before the fire which, in 1632, destroyed the greater portion of its buildings.

In that very interesting work called "The Chronicles of Old London Bridge," we read as follows:—"Another engraving which is most excellent and rare is that entitled in Latin, London, the most celebrated emporium of the whole world. It was engraved by John Wisscher, in 1616, and published in Holland by Jud Hondius, at the sign of the Watchful Dog. . . . There is likewise a variation of this view, having eight Latin verses at either corner, with the name of 'Ludovicus Hondius Lusit.' It is, says Mr. Smith, in his 'Ancient Topography of London,' extremely well executed, and exhibits a windmill standing in the Strand, very near to where the new church (St. Mary's) is now erected." Smith points out that a Royal procession by water is represented, which will be noted immediately above the "Swan Theatre," and that as the Royal Standard is flying, King James I. is supposed to be on board; there is also a large ship inscribed "The Gally fuste" (the Princes Galley?).

The view includes the north bank of the Thames or London side,

extending from Whitehall, West, to St. Katharine's, East; the magnificent palaces and mansions of the King and his nobles which have given their names to so many of the streets in and about Westminster and the Strand are here shown in their former splendour. We notice Whitehall with a great cruciform building rising over it (can this represent Wolsey's Chapel?), then we have "York House," "Durham House," "Bedford House," "The Savoy," "Arundel House," and, more to the east, Baynard's Castle and "Cold Harbour"—a name which is frequently applied to old buildings, but the meaning of which is entirely lost. "The Stillyard," the great emporium of the German and Flemish merchants, can be distinguished with its crane and landing-stairs; and, more to the west, the identical "Three Cranes," in the Vintry, which gave a sign and title to one of the most frequented taverns in Old London.

London Bridge is covered with lofty buildings, the most important of which is "Nonsuch House," with its carved gables and angle towers. At the east end of the bridge is the grim "Traitors' Gate," with its ghastly ornament of heads. Billingsgate is shown, crowded with a fleet of fishing-boats; and the Tower looks much as it does at the present day—the sole object which does not look strange to our eyes.

Away from the river stands the lofty Gothic Cathedral of St. Paul, which had not been at this period disfigured by Inigo Jones's classical portico and rustic work. We see more to the east the lofty tower of Bow Church, with its arched crown which gave it that name; and the handsome Collegiate Church of St. Lawrence Pountney. The tower of the Royal Exchange and the lofty spire of St. Dunstan's may also be distinguished.

On the opposite bank of the Thames we find one familiar landmark of the ancient times which has survived to our own in the Church of St. Saviour; but of the great Palace of the Bishops of Winchester, known to the west, nothing now exists. The Globe Theatre, associated with recollections of Shakespeare, another theatre, called "The Swan," and the "Bear Garden," all appear in the foreground of this interesting view.

If you would see how it is all changed, look at the view beneath. Have we improved upon the London of our forefathers? Our readers must answer that question according to their own ideas.

H. W. BREWER

THE FINAL DRAWING of the Paris Exhibition Lottery took place recently, when the chief prize of 2,000/- fell to a Rouen blacksmith, a steady, struggling workman with four children.

THE LATE ALPHONSE KARR stood godfather to the new cemetery at St. Raphael, where he was buried. According to local custom, a new cemetery always takes the name of the first person laid within its grounds, and as the French writer's burial was the first, the cemetery has been called "St. Alphonse." Karr's last piece of literary work was a satirical study "The Bees," published in a literary supplement of the Paris *Figaro*. He wrote his first article in the *Figaro* in 1827, when only nineteen, and contributed regularly to the journal for sixty-three years.

"BY a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, MR. EPPS has provided our breakfast-tables with a delicately-flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that

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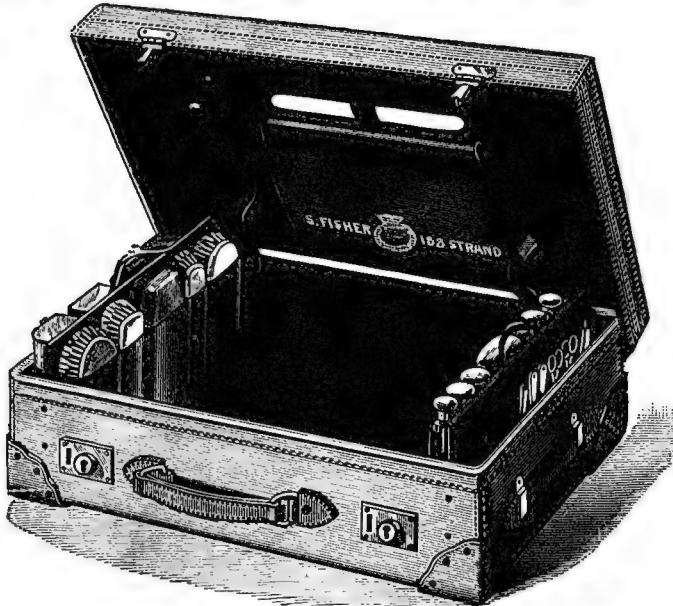
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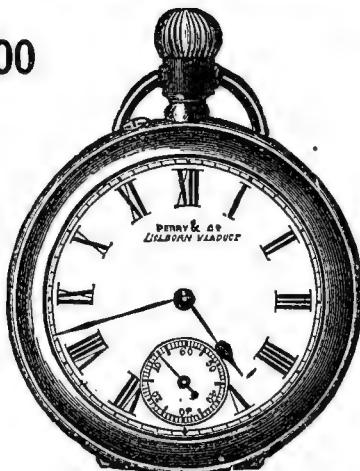
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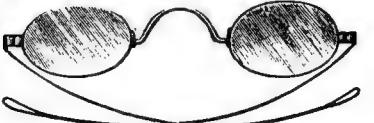
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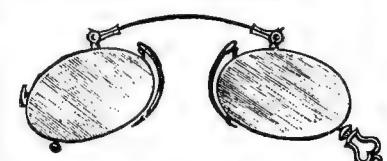
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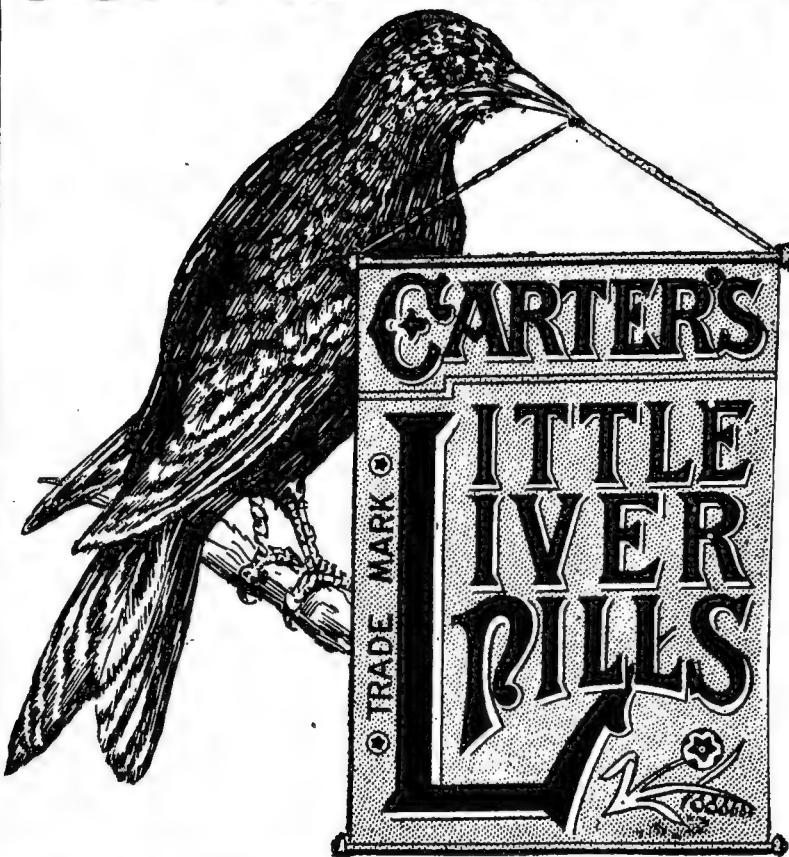
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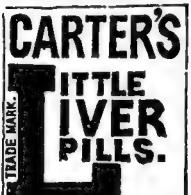


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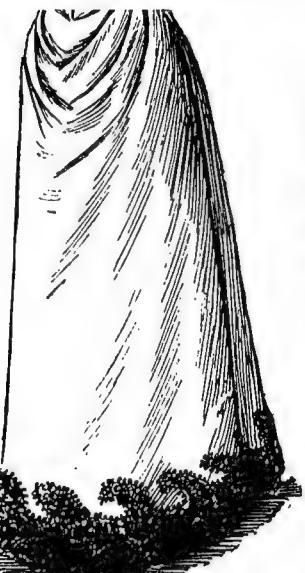
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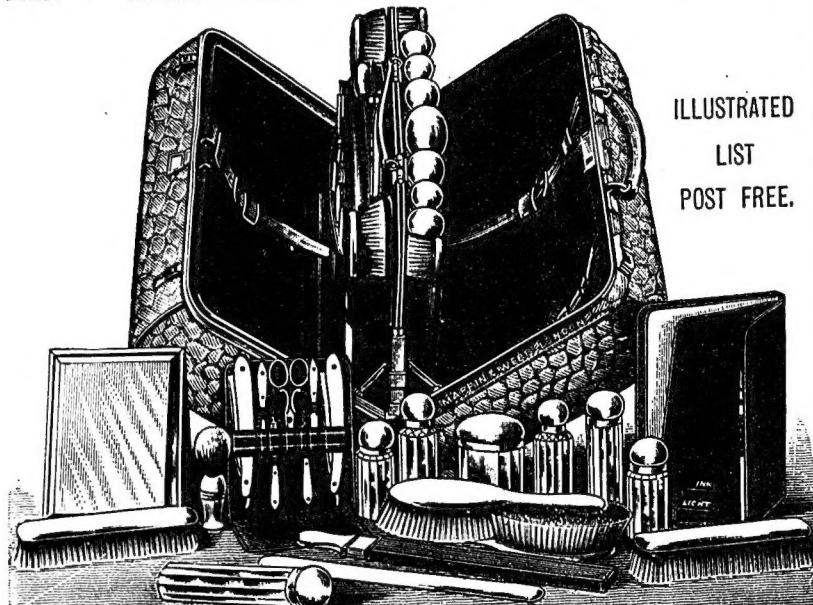
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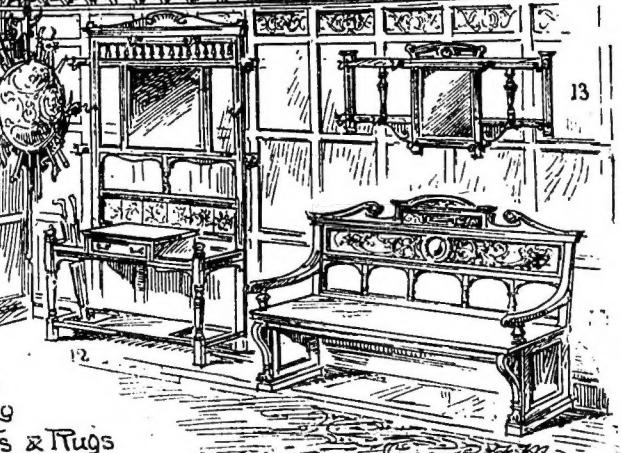
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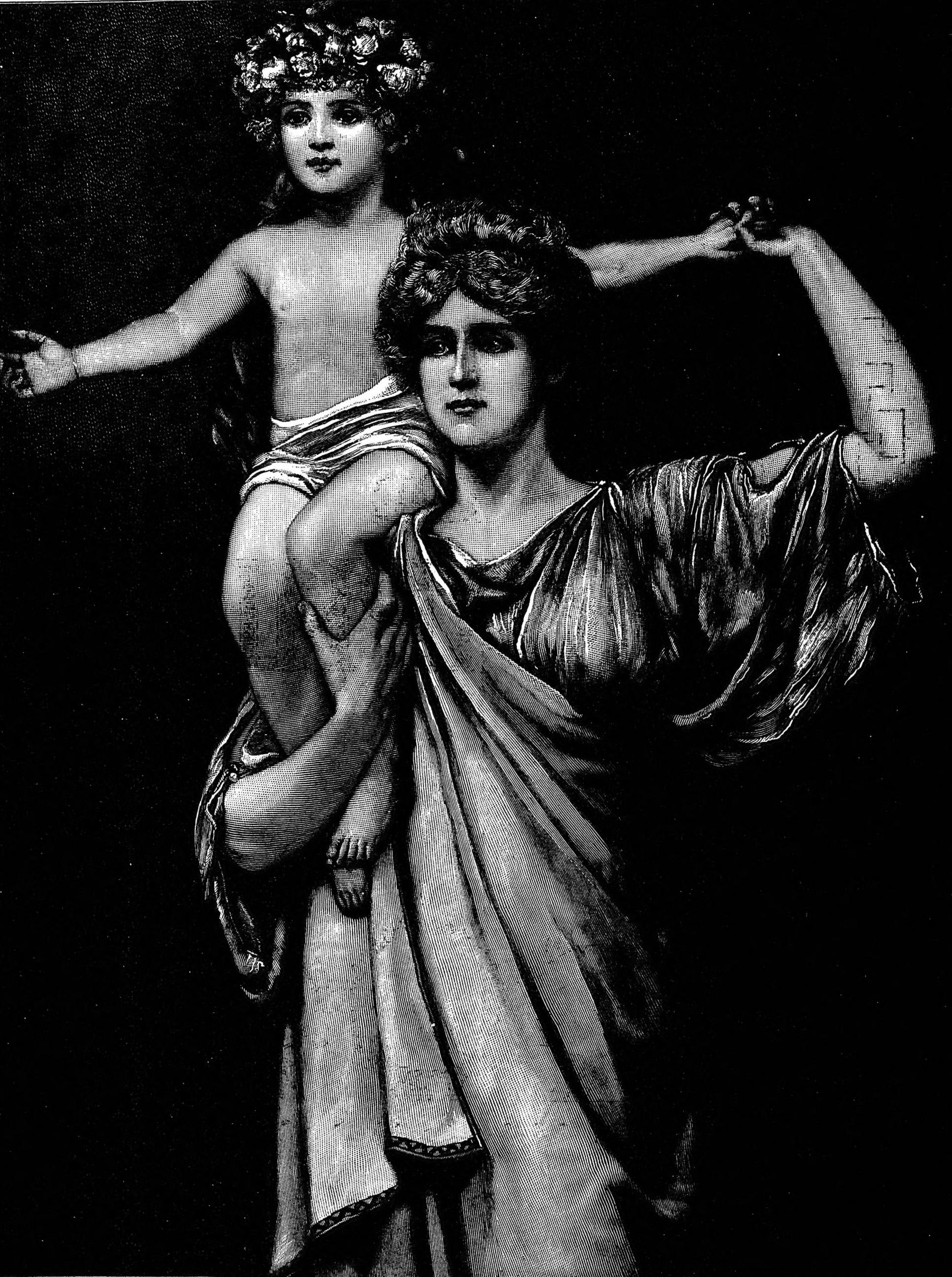
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